PATRICK MORALES

ZOMBIELAND

Rhett Reese & Paul Wernick

January 7, 2009

Shooting Script - 1/7/09

MEMO

From: Kim Winther

To: All Departments

Date: 1/13/09

Re: Script-White Draft 1/7/09

Attached is the latest "Zombieland" WHITE script for your review. Please note that in the next script revision, the following changes will appear:

1.) The "Joe Pesci" character will change. (The structure of the mansion sequence will remain the same.
2.) The "Name" of the theme park will change-pending clearance.

We will keep you informed of any other changes as they are confirmed. Please see Heather or me with any questions, comments, or concerns.

Thank you,

Kim

We begin with a SONG: WOODY GUTHRIE'S 'THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND.' CATCHY. PATRIOTIC. WARM. Recorded in mono, played on a scratchy old phonograph...

The following is shot gritty. Kinetic. Fast. Scary.

FADE UP ON:

1 EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVE. - WASHINGTON, D.C. 1

An AMERICAN FLAG, filling the screen, flapping. A male voice, belonging to COLUMBUS, a witty, anxiety-ridden EVERYMAN, mid-twenties, narrates:

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
This land is your land.

The camera rotates on its axis until the flag is UPSIDE DOWN, then pulls back to reveal that it is flying on the hood of a PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE, which itself is upside-down, overturned ON TOP of another car.

The further we pull back, the more we see of a destroyed, burning WASHINGTON D.C.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
This land is my land.

Suddenly, rapid FOOTSTEPS! The camera jiggles, trying to find their source. The footsteps grow LOUD, like someone running on sheet-metal.

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! A ZOMBIE runs UP the other side of the limo and LONG-JUMPS toward the camera. It lands on its STOMACH. The camera backs up quickly. The ZOMBIE regains its footing and sprints spastically, aggressively forward.

The CAMERAMAN turns and RUNS, his P.O.V. bouncing wildly. Then the camera WHIP-PANS to see the zombie WAIL and ATTACK. The zombie engulfs the screen, TACKLING the cameraman.

The camera FALLS to the ground, askew, shooting treetops and sky. Offscreen, the CAMERAMAN SCREAMS and SCREAMS, accompanied by ripping, cracking, CRUNCHING.

Something God-awful is happening to this guy. He gacks and falls SILENT. We hear slurping and distressingly, GARGLING.

The zombie's superbly frightening FACE comes into frame again, staring into the lens as if it's a bathroom mirror.

Our zombies? In a word? Moist. They bleed from basically everywhere. Eyes. Ears. Nose. Mouth. Pores. Scalp.

The zombie bares its bloody TEETH to check for food between them. It scrapes out a piece with one blackened fingernail and SWALLOWS it. Then it curiously examines its reflection... twitching, trembling.

At last, the zombie BELCHES, long, loud, and animal-like, FOGGING the LENS with its breath.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
OK, that was pretty unnecessary. Welcome to Zombieland. This land was made for you and me...

DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. A GLOBE, SLOWLY TURNING CLOCKWISE 2

It looks like a normal globe, only instead of names for countries, one big word stretches across the equator:

Z O M B I E L A N D

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Zombieland is like a greatest hits collection of nightmares, and I'm not talking the kind where you're naked the first day of school. Casualty rates have been astronomical. I'm one of the few non-zombies left. And that's only thanks to a list I call 'The Forty-Seven Rules for Surviving Zombieland'...

SMASH CUT TO:

3 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT 3

BAM! A GUY is sprinting like mad toward a high school football field. BOOM! A truly frightening, snarling male ZOMBIE is right on his heels, sprinting after him.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Rule #1 - Cardio.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **1. Cardio.**

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Pretty self-explanatory, um... do a lot of cardio. There'll be times when you have to run for your life. Literally. So exercise.

The GUY is still running, but every breath is now searingly painful. His body is obviously SHUTTING DOWN on him.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Zombies lead a very active lifestyle.

The ZOMBIE, by contrast, is breathing nicely.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
So should you.

We see a wide master shot (a la a football broadcast) of the GUY running down the football field like a running back, and the zombie, like a linebacker, DRAGGING him down from behind. A TELESTRATOR draws circles and arrows over the action...

4 INT. FAST FOOD JOINT - NIGHT 4

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Rule #2 - Ziploc Bags.

A MAN sits alone in a FAST FOOD JOINT at night, eating from a big jar of pickles.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **2. Ziploc Bags.**

Suddenly, the ceiling lights SHORT-CIRCUIT, plunging the room into darkness. The man is illuminated only by a sliver of MOONLIGHT. He stands and pulls out a FLASHLIGHT.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Always pack wisely. This should go without saying, but you'd be surprised. I'm a big fan of Ziploc bags. You've got enough problems, moisture shouldn't be one of them.

The man flicks on the flashlight, but it doesn't light up. He empties the D-BATTERIES to discover that they've CORRODED.

The man stares into the darkness with a concerned look, then steps forward out of the moonbeam and into the dark...

...and is yanked the rest of the way and EVISCERATED.

5 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 5

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Rule #3 - Double Tap.

A FEMALE COP stands on a city street, steely-eyed, holding her pistol with two hands. Rapid FOOTSTEPS approach her.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **3. Double Tap.**

The footsteps belong to a big female ZOMBIE, who RUSHES AT the cop. She PLUGS the zombie in the chest with a bullet. The zombie FACE-PLANTS and lies motionless. The cop approaches it to test with her foot whether it's dead.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
You've just shot a zombie. You think it's dead, you're trying to save bullets... unh-uh. Two more shots. One to the head makes ninety-nine percent sure. One more to the head makes a hundred. It's known as a Double Tap.

The cop NUDGES the zombie's leg. It keeps its eyes CLOSED, like a little girl pretending to sleep when her parents arrive home late.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
There's no use saving for the <u>next</u> zombie when this one's about to...

The cop turns away, and the zombie slyly PEEKS at her. It LUNGES and BITES VICIOUSLY into her ACHILLES TENDON.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
...give you a season-ending injury.

6 INT./EXT. CAR/STREET - DAY 6

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Rule #4. Any guesses?

A panicky WOMAN turns the ignition in her CAR (complete with a 'My Child is an Honor Student' bumper sticker) and SLAMS it into gear. Various cute BEANIE BABIES sit on the shelf under her back window. The car is descended upon by a crowd of LITTLE GIRL ZOMBIES in BIRTHDAY PARTY HATS.

The woman swings the car in a wide arc, narrowly missing a BOUNCY CASTLE. She pulls into traffic...

...and SMACKS an oncoming TRUCK. The woman is THROWN through the windshield, her BEANIE BABIES soaring into the air around her in SLOW MOTION.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Call me a goody-two-shoes: Seatbelts.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **4. Seatbelts.**

The woman SLIDES across the asphalt on her FACE, deader than dead.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
The pavement facial. Slightly worse than being a goody-two-shoes. Same ballpark. But slightly worse.

7 EXT. GAS STATION - OUTSIDE MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT 7

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
OK, let's put these rules together. That guy there is <u>me</u>, probably about, what, a month after the zombie disease took off. I'm in Garland, Texas. It may look like zombies destroyed it. Actually, that's just Garland.

COLUMBUS, a pale, unshaven, borderline good-looking NERD, is standing outside a gas station men's room in Garland, Texas, an arm-pit of a suburb outside Dallas.

Columbus holds a SHOTGUN. He's trying to decide whether to open the door.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
I've just filled up at a strange gas station. I've gotta go number two. If caring too much about hygiene is an offense, then I'm a smooth criminal, I enjoy a clean place to back one out. I'm considering opening that bathroom door. Notice what a huge wuss I am. Seriously, I don't have the spine God gave one of those trembly toy poodles, the kind that pees on eye contact. But I've survived so far, 'cause I play it safe. Always by the rules. <u>My</u> rules...

As Columbus navigates the following scene, he follows ALL FOUR of rules #1-4. And what he just said is true... we aren't watching a hero, we're watching a COWARD.

Columbus starts to turn the knob, then decides AGAINST it. He backs away slowly to discover he made the RIGHT CALL: A male ZOMBIE BURSTS out the door, SCREECHING horribly.

Columbus FLINCHES and fires the shotgun wildly, missing. Then he turns and RUNS. The ZOMBIE CHASES HIM, the end of a roll of TOILET PAPER stuck to its SHOE. The roll trails out behind as it runs.

Columbus runs around the corner toward his SAAB, only to discover a FEMALE ZOMBIE between him and the car. It SCREAMS and beelines for him.

He FIRES at the new zombie but only hits it in the ARM. The shotgun pops open, its chambers empty. Rather than fight, Columbus makes a wide-eyed DASH for an adjoining dirt FIELD.

We're with Columbus as he runs through the field, the two zombies close behind. His lungs are in good shape. The zombies aren't gaining (The title: **1. Cardio.** reappears).

A HIGH, WIDE SHOT reveals Columbus PULLING AWAY from the ZOMBIES as he leads them in a big circle back toward his car. He runs up to the car, pulls out his KEYS, then DROPS THEM as he's going to put them in the lock.

COLUMBUS
Shit!

Columbus almost reaches down, but the zombies are catching up again. Columbus runs again for the FIELD.

We're back watching the HIGH, WIDE SHOT. It's comically exactly the same as the last one, with Columbus buying time, pulling away from the ZOMBIES as he leads them in the big circle (The title: **1. Cardio.** reappears, BLINKING ON AND OFF FOR EMPHASIS).

This time, Columbus reaches the car, successfully picks up his keys, then NOTICES that the car wasn't even locked. He rolls his eyes, JUMPS inside, closes the door, and SHOVES the keys into the ignition, stopping only to FASTEN his SEATBELT.

Columbus FLOORS the Saab, FISHTAILING, speeding down the street. When all is clear, he takes a huge sigh of relief. The zombies give up the chase as the car disappears.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
And now, we're about to be reminded why I was such a moron...

Columbus adjusts his REAR-VIEW MIRROR, and in it, sees a ZOMBIE SIT UP in the BACK SEAT, a bloody grin on its face.

Columbus SCREAMS, swerves, jumps an embankment, and BASHES the Saab into a DUMPSTER. *

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
...for forgetting to check the back seat.

The zombie LAUNCHES through the windshield and INTO the DUMPSTER. The lid SLAMS SHUT. *

Columbus is SAVED by his SEATBELT, which TUGS hard against his chest. (Title: **4. Seatbelts.**)

Suddenly, the ZOMBIE, wearing one of those plastic pieces that holds together a six-pack of soda on its EAR, JUMPS out of the dumpster and tries to get through the hole in the windshield.

The WINDSHIELD WIPERS and WINDSHIELD CLEANING MIST are going off indiscriminately, spraying the zombie in the face and tapping it on the head.

In the front seat, a terrified Columbus hurriedly pops open his SHOTGUN and grabs a ZIPLOC BAG (Title: **2. Ziploc Bags**) off the floor next to him. It's wet on the outside from the windshield fluid, but DRY on the inside, and full of SHOTGUN SHELLS.

Columbus loads a dry shell into his shotgun, aims, and SHOOTS the zombie off the hood of the car.

Without pause, he pops the shotgun open, loads TWO MORE SHELLS inside, climbs out, and STANDS OVER the fallen ZOMBIE.

Columbus closes one eye and AIMS at the head (Title: **3. Double Tap.**). KA-BLAM! KA-BLAM! Silence.

Physically and emotionally spent, Columbus leans back against his car and SLIDES to the ground. He sniffs the air, looks down, and gets a forlorn expression on his face.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
On the bright side, I'd found a place to go number two.

FADE OUT.

We hear the first notes of PATSY CLINE'S classic BALLAD, 'I FALL TO PIECES.' As we...

FADE UP ON:

CREDITS over a MONTAGE of people succumbing to zombies in SUPER SLOW MOTION as the world comes to an end...

Sc. 8, 9 OMIT

9A INT. OFFICE/ ELEVATOR 9A

A BUSINESSMAN waits for an elevator. The doors OPEN, and four BUSINESSPEOPLE BURST out, COFFEE and PAPERS flying, as a zombie tries to tear one of them LIMB from LIMB.

9B EXT. ROCK CONCERT 9B

At a ROCK CONCERT, a MOSH PIT of TEENAGERS gets even more violent as ZOMBIES surge through the crowd, spreading PANIC.

9C INT. DENTIST OFFICE 9C

A DENTIST freaks out, pointy tools flying, hoses spraying, as a zombie PATIENT bites down on his hand.

9D INT. FAMILY LIVING ROOM 9D

A MAN on a ladder tries to pin a STAR on his CHRISTMAS TREE, when his FAMILY... all ZOMBIES... attack the ladder from below. He FALLS. ORNAMENTS, LIGHTS, and TINSEL, and TREE all come down around him.

9E EXT. STREET 9E

A CRACKPOT with a cardboard 'The End is Near' SIGN runs frantically from a ZOMBIE.

10 EXT. PARK 10

A FATHER and his eight-year-old SON, dressed in SCOUT UNIFORMS, run awkwardly toward camera, LEGS BOUND TOGETHER as part of a THREE-LEGGED PICNIC RACE, CHASED by ZOMBIE FATHER/SON PAIRS, also tied at the leg.

10A INT. CLUB - NIGHT 10A

A ZOMBIE STRIPPER jumps out of a CAKE. Icing flies as the libidinous MEN at the party SCATTER in HORROR.

10B OMITTED 10B *

10C EXT. SKY - DAY 10C

TANDEM SKYDIVERS soar through midair. The first skydiver has a ZOMBIE SKYDIVER attached to his back, BITING his NECK.

10D EXT. FAMILY BACKYARD - DAY 10D

A FAMILY of FOUR looks out the window of a CHILDREN'S TREE-HOUSE, stranded ABOVE a clamoring CROWD of ZOMBIES.

The family squeezes each other's hands tightly, forlornly together.

FADE OUT.

Sc. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 OMIT

FADE UP ON:

16 EXT. INTERSTATE 30, OUTSIDE GARLAND, TEXAS - DAWN 16

COLUMBUS is trudging EAST on Interstate 30 outside Garland. Everything but his shotgun is stuffed into a ROLLING SUITCASE, which he tugs behind him.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
They say you can't go home again. Me, I'm trying to prove 'em wrong, making my way from my old college apartment in Austin, Texas to the only place I've ever felt safe... Columbus, Ohio. On even the slightest chance Mom and Dad might still be alive.

COLUMBUS walks from abandoned VEHICLE to abandoned VEHICLE, looking carefully for a new ride.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Moments like these made me glad... glad I chose that suitcase with the little rollers. I was done being the idiot with the duffel bag.

Columbus hears the DISTANT RUMBLE of an ENGINE. On the western horizon, a black CADILLAC ESCALADE threads its way through the abandoned interstate traffic, heading EAST. On each side and hood of the Escalade, written in WHITE SOAP, is the number 3 (in memory of the late great DALE EARNHARDT).

As the ESCALADE approaches, a nervous COLUMBUS grabs a TOPPLED MOTORCYCLE, props it up on its kickstand, kneels behind it, and aims his shotgun warily at the SUV.

The Escalade pulls up near the motorcycle and STOPS. The driver's door opens, and a square-jawed bad-ass, TALLAHASSEE, steps onto the running board.

Tallahassee is fortyish, wearing thick, librarian-like eyeglasses. He stares at the motorcycle with curiosity.

Columbus stands up from behind the bike, shotgun AIMED at Tallahassee.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Here's the thing about scared people. They're great at hiding it. Imagine an apple: nice and shiny on the outside, a greedy little worm chewing up the inside. That's me.

Tallahassee shrugs matter-of-factly, as if to say, 'If that's how you want to do it...'

Tallahassee raises a no-shitting-you AK-47 AUTOMATIC RIFLE to his shoulder and points it RIGHT BACK AT Columbus.

Columbus's eyes widen. Uh-oh. Tallahassee's finger goes from the trigger guard to the TRIGGER.

Columbus quickly wipes sweat from his temple with his sleeve, starts to tremble, then all at once GIVES UP, lowering his shotgun and RAISING HIS HANDS, ashamed.

Columbus smiles embarrassedly, then STICKS OUT ONE THUMB questioningly in the universal sign for HITCH-HIKING.

Tallahassee rolls his eyes, lowers his gun, and motions to Columbus with his head: 'Get in.'

17 INT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - MORNING 17

TALLAHASSEE sits behind the wheel of the SUV. COLUMBUS sits in the passenger seat. Tallahassee engages 'Drive' and PULLS AWAY. There's an awkward silence, punctuated by Columbus's careful look INTO THE BACK SEAT.

TALLAHASSEE
Whatcha looking for?

COLUMBUS
Nothing. I just have this list...

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **31. Check the Back Seat.**

TALLAHASSEE
No one back there but my duffel bag.

Columbus blinks.

COLUMBUS
What's your name?

TALLAHASSEE
Stop. No names. Where you from?

COLUMBUS
Ohio. Columbus.

TALLAHASSEE
Hullo, Columbus. I'm Tallahassee.

The two SHAKE HANDS.

COLUMBUS
You're from Tallahassee?

TALLAHASSEE
I am.

COLUMBUS
You don't want me to call you by your name? You want me to call you Tallahassee?

TALLAHASSEE
I do.

COLUMBUS
May I ask why.

TALLAHASSEE
Keeps us from getting too familiar.

COLUMBUS
So if I'm calling you Tallahassee, what happens if we meet someone <u>else</u> from Tallahassee.

TALLAHASSEE
Haven't thought that far ahead.

COLUMBUS
(smiles)
If I knew I was gonna be Columbus, I'd have said I was from a cooler sounding place. Like... Cheyenne... or Wounded Knee...

TALLAHASSEE
You can switch to Wounded Knee.

COLUMBUS
No, I'm Columbus.

TALLAHASSEE
Sure?

COLUMBUS
(nods)
Columbus.

TALLAHASSEE
Columbus and Tallahassee almost had a gunfight.

COLUMBUS
Yeah.

TALLAHASSEE
Where you headed?

COLUMBUS
Columbus. You?

TALLAHASSEE
Tallahassee.

COLUMBUS
(nods knowingly)
Going home?

TALLAHASSEE
Nah, home's back there.
(indicates Garland)
They say you know home by the way it makes you feel when you leave. I'm over it. Further I get, the better.
Tallahassee's just my birthplace. Truth? *
It's not actually a destination. More *
like a... direction. Anywhere but here. *

COLUMBUS
Y'know, Columbus and Tallahassee are both... east.

TALLAHASSEE
Yeah.

COLUMBUS
So... Tallahassee... wanna stick together? Least a while?

TALLAHASSEE
Here's the thing, Columbus. I'm not easy to get along with. And I'm sensing you're a bit of a bitch. I give this relationship 'til Texarkana.

COLUMBUS
So you'll take me as far as Texarkana!

TALLAHASSEE
If you lose the excited face.

Columbus loses the face.

COLUMBUS
FYI. I have a small bladder.

Tallahassee pushes the accelerator further down.

TALLAHASSEE
Clench and hold.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
If I was stupid enough to hitch-hike, might as well have been with Tallahassee. Turns out, don't let the glasses fool you...

SMASH CUT TO:

18 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 18

A SONG: RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE'S 'KNOW YOUR ENEMY.'

A hungry ZOMBIE SPRINTS toward an office building and DISAPPEARS around the corner. Suddenly, we hear a loud MECHANICAL BUZZING from around that corner.

After a beat, the SAME ZOMBIE comes SPRINTING back the way it came, with TALLAHASSEE CHASING it. He is wearing a welder's helmet and wielding two BUZZING CHAINSAWS, one in each hand.

The zombie hightails it around a building. Tallahassee slows to a stop. He SNAPS his head back so the shield of his welder's mask lifts, and his FACE is fully revealed.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Tallahassee's in the ass-kicking business. And...

Tallahassee SMIRKS.

TALLAHASSEE
(to the now-gone zombie)
Business is good.

The 'RAGE' song fades.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Don't get the wrong impression, Tallahassee's got a soft side. Look a month before the zombies showed up...

19 INT. MONTAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK 19

RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE is replaced by JOHN DENVER'S 'I WANT TO LIVE,' a cheesy, loving ballad about how wonderful life is and how desperately people want to live it.

TALLAHASSEE is in a modest KITCHEN, pre-Zombieland, cooking ANIMAL-SHAPED PANCAKES with T.L.C. He spatulas the pancakes onto a PLATE and carries it to the kitchen table.

We REVERSE ANGLE to see the recipient of the pancakes: not a child, but Tallahassee's GERMAN SHEPHERD PUPPY, BUCK. Buck sits ON a chair at the table, gobbling the pancakes.

Next, TALLAHASSEE scrub-a-dubs BUCK in a BATHTUB full of bubbles.

At last, on a LIVING ROOM SOFA, TALLAHASSEE starts ESKIMO KISSING BUCK (Buck licks him on the mouth) and blowing RASPBERRIES on his fuzzy BELLY.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Yeah. That's the grossest thing yet.

20 EXT. INTERSTATE 30 - DAY - PRESENT 20

A sign on Interstate 30 reads 'TEXARKANA - 109 MI.' COLUMBUS and TALLAHASSEE are driving down the interstate when Tallahassee notices a BROKEN GUARD RAIL and STOPS.

20A EXT. BROKEN GUARD RAIL - DAY 20A

COLUMBUS and TALLAHASSEE STAND over the broken guard rail, SHOTGUN and AK-47 at the ready. There is an overturned HOSTESS DELIVERY TRUCK at the bottom of a RAVINE.

COLUMBUS
That's a Hostess truck.

TALLAHASSEE
New plan. I could use a Twinkie.
(laces up his boot)
Coming?

Columbus BLINKS. Does he really have to?

COLUMBUS
Hold on.

Columbus starts doing some old-fashioned old-man TORSO TWISTS, ANKLE TOUCHES, and DEEP KNEE BENDS. He looks like one of those ridiculous yesteryear bodybuilders.

TALLAHASSEE
(watches)
You're serious.

COLUMBUS
You should limber up. It's important.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **18. Limber Up.**

TALLAHASSEE
Sorry. Don't believe in it.

Tallahassee starts down the ravine WITHOUT Columbus.

TALLAHASSEE
You never see a lion limber up before it kills a gazelle!

Columbus furrows his brow. An interesting point.

21 EXT. HOSTESS TRUCK - DAY 21

COLUMBUS and TALLAHASSEE carefully approach the overturned Hostess truck. The back delivery door is slightly AJAR.

Tallahassee and Columbus RAISE their GUNS. Columbus bites his lip. Tallahassee slowly REACHES for the door handle. Ominous violins swell...

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Whatever's inside a Hostess truck, it's gotta be appealing, right?

Tallahassee THROWS BACK the door, and an AVALANCHE of BOXES of SNO-BALLS (pink, coconut-covered PUFFS) POURS out. The music dies. Columbus SIGHS with relief. Tallahassee isn't nearly so happy. There's not a TWINKIE in sight.

TALLAHASSEE
What self-respecting Hostess truck is full of two thousand boxes of Sno-Balls?

COLUMBUS
I like Sno-Balls.

TALLAHASSEE
Coconut's gross. Not the taste. The consistency.

Columbus CHOWS DOWN on a Sno-Ball. A perturbed Tallahassee STARES. Columbus gives a guilty shrug: 'What?!' Tallahassee heads back UP the steep slope.

TALLAHASSEE
This Twinkie thing? Not over yet.

COLUMBUS
Um. This may be a bad time. But I gotta take the Browns to the Superbowl.

TALLAHASSEE
Really?

COLUMBUS
Really.

22 EXT. REST AREA - MEN'S ROOM - DAY 22

The ESCALADE is parked outside a roadside REST AREA MEN'S ROOM, where TALLAHASSEE stands, checking his watch.

23 INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY 23

COLUMBUS has entered the restroom with his shotgun.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
I know, I know... again so soon? What can I say? A case of chronic... anxiety. Ever since I was born, I've been ruled by irrational fears.

Columbus nudges each stall door open with his foot.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
There's nothing I couldn't find a reason to be afraid of. Things like undertow... department store Santas... quicksand... being held down and tickled...

ANGLE ON: Columbus, now SITTING on one of the toilets.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
For example, guess what I'm scared of right now. I mean, other than toilet seat herpes.

Columbus pauses, then RAISES HIS FEET off the tile.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Something crawling under the stall!

Columbus holds his feet up, keeping a sharp eye out for anything that might slither toward him.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
What crawls under a stall? I don't know, a roach... a rat... a really thorough janitor? Use your imagination.

CUT TO:

An ALLIGATOR poking its head under the stall. Columbus BLINKS, and it DISAPPEARS.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
I sure do.

24 EXT. REST AREA - MEN'S ROOM - DAY 24

COLUMBUS emerges from the restroom to join TALLAHASSEE.

COLUMBUS
(smiles)
My work here is done.

As Columbus and Tallahassee walk away, we hear a growing CACOPHONOUS SOUND (TRAFFIC, HORNS HONKING, THE DIN OF PEOPLE TALKING, ETC.), and we SMASH CUT TO:

25 AN INSERT: A GOOGLE MAP OF THE UNITED STATES. 25

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Nowadays, I'm always wishing life could go back to 'normal.' Which is weird. 'Cause life was never really 'normal' for me. Long before there were ever zombies, phobias started boxing me in. I avoided more and more things. My world got smaller...

The GOOGLE MAP zooms in as everything crumbles off it but TEXAS. The traffic noise subsides a little.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
...and smaller...

The GOOGLE MAP zooms in AGAIN as everything crumbles off it but AUSTIN. The traffic noise subsides further.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
...and smaller.

The GOOGLE MAP zooms in YET AGAIN as everything crumbles off it but one NEIGHBORHOOD... and at last one APARTMENT BUILDING. The traffic noise is GONE. We're in SILENCE. We push in on the roof, appearing to DISSOLVE THROUGH IT.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
'Til about a month back, when all that was left... was me.

Sc. 26 OMIT

27 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 27

COLUMBUS sits at his PC, lonely, melancholy, lit by the screen's pale glow. His desk is eerily tidy. Everything is symmetrical. Shiny. Alphabetized. Except for the PIZZA BOXES and MOUNTAIN DEW.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Friday night. Third straight week indoors. World of Warcraft. Leaning Tower of Pizza Boxes. Code Red Mountain Dew. Pride - nowhere. Dignity - loooong gone. Virginity - totally justifiable to speculate on.

Columbus's hands are OCCUPIED on his KEYBOARD and JESSICA RABBIT MOUSE-PAD. He tries to take a DRINK from his Code Red Mountain Dew cup by BITING the lip of it and TIPPING it back into his mouth. The Mountain Dew SPILLS down his chin all over the front of his shirt.

COLUMBUS
Smooth.

Columbus marches into the bathroom, dripping Mountain Dew. He takes off the shirt and DROPS it on the bathroom FLOOR, then ducks into his closet and CHANGES shirts.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
My whole life, all I'd ever really wanted was to find a girl. Fall in love. Bring her home to meet the folks. That was my biggest fear of all. Dying alone. Mom didn't know where I would meet a, quote, 'marriageable woman,' but Dad knew where I <u>wouldn't</u>: my locked apartment. And he'd always been right. 'Til now...

Columbus hears POUNDING at his front door. He nearly jumps, then freezes, listening. The pounding resumes, LOUDER. Columbus TIPTOES toward the door as if it were the edge of the Grand Canyon.

FEMALE VOICE
(muffled, distressed)
408, you in there?! Please!

Columbus looks gingerly through the peep hole.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Omigod. My adorable next door neighbor. 406. I'd dreamed of this girl. But I'd never said hi, 'cause I was busy making ground-breaking advances in the exciting new field of lame.

FEMALE VOICE
(now crying)
Please, it's an emergency! No one's answering! Please?! Heeeelp...

Columbus chokes down his fear, rapidly adjusts his hair, and very daintily unlocks and opens the door.

406 BURSTS into the room, SLAMS the door behind her, locks the bolt, then HUGS Columbus like a long-lost relative. She is in her early twenties, cute as a button. Tough. Feisty. The girl you'd love to spend Armageddon with.

406
(dispensing cheek pecks)
Thank you, thank you, thank you!

Columbus suddenly feels good about himself.

COLUMBUS
It was nothing!

28 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER - FLASHBACK 28 *

COLUMBUS takes a seat beside 406 on his living room SOFA. She wears a blanket over her shoulders. He offers her a cup. She takes it in both hands and DRINKS.

406
Mountain Dew?

COLUMBUS
(nods)
Code Red. And some Golden Grahams.
(hands her a plastic bag of Golden Grahams)
The Ziploc Bag keeps 'em crisp.

406
Hm.

COLUMBUS
Why don't you start from the beginning?

406
Not 'til we've called the police.

COLUMBUS
Right, sorry!

Columbus grabs a CORDLESS PHONE and hits the green 'talk' button. He doesn't hear a dial tone. Instead, it's that fast 'the phone's been off the hook too long' TONE.

406
(hearing the tone)
What's wrong?! I dropped my cell when... you got a cell?

COLUMBUS
Yeah, but no bars. Wanna try down the hall?

406
In a bit. Right now I feel safe. Here.

COLUMBUS
Great.

406
He was homeless. And sick. I was walking home from a bar, talking on the phone. And he came sprinting toward me. Not running. Sprinting. I thought he was, like, running after someone, or <u>from</u> someone, 'til... 'til...

Her hands are shaking.

COLUMBUS
Here.

Columbus sets down her Mountain Dew and takes her hands BETWEEN his own, warming and stilling them.

406
(smiles through tears)
Thanks.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
OK, the confidence? Coming out of <u>nowhere</u>... seriously, maybe even my ass.

COLUMBUS
Go on.

406
He ran right for me. Just totally wild. Violent. He grabbed me. And I dropped my phone and pulled away. And ran. So did he. He must have slipped, 'cause I made it inside the gate. Last I saw, he was still out there, going crazy.

COLUMBUS
Drugs, maybe? We'll stay here 'til the phones come back on. Then we'll call the police.

406
I didn't mention the worst part.

COLUMBUS
Yeah?

406
He tried to bite me.

A BEAT while Columbus stares, grossed out.

COLUMBUS
You're right. That's the worst part.

406
Sorry I'm so scared.

COLUMBUS
Quit it! Some homeless guy tries to eat you?! That's, like, the right kind of scared, reasonable scared. Me, I'm afraid of stuff like clowns... * *
(tiny shudder)
...and those rags they use to wipe restaurant tables...

406
Really?

COLUMBUS
I joke a lot. Point is, I'm here for you. And as long as you're by my side, I'm not leaving this apartment.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Playing to my strengths.

406
(sincere smile)
Mind if I close my eyes?

406 KISSES Columbus on the forehead, then pulls the blanket to her chin, leans back, and closes her eyes. Columbus can barely contain his jittery EXCITEMENT.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Set aside the feverish, homeless cannibal, I'm living the dream! I'd always... my whole life... wanted to brush a girl's hair over her ear.

Columbus brushes 406's hair over her ear. She opens her eyes and smiles, then nestles back against the sofa cushion.

406
Night.

COLUMBUS
Night.

Mountain Dew non-withstanding, sleepiness is contagious. Columbus watches 406 breathe peacefully for a few moments, then props up a sofa pillow and closes his eyes HIMSELF.

FADE OUT.

FADE UP ON:

29 INT. APARTMENT - HOURS LATER 29

COLUMBUS has been asleep for who knows how long. He's sitting on the couch, mouth open, head tilted to the left.

Columbus stirs. He twitches, then opens his eyes, shaking off sleep. Where is he? Oh, right, on the couch.

Columbus turns to the right, expecting to find 406 asleep next to him. Instead...

...SHE IS SITTING A FOOT FROM HIS FACE, HER FACE A BLOODY, BLACK MESS OF ZOMBIE DISEASE, BULGING EYES ALIVE WITH CURIOSITY AND MALICE, GRINNING AT HIM.

COLUMBUS
Ghaaaaa!

COLUMBUS leaps BACKWARD off the couch to get away from the ZOMBIEFIED 406.

COLUMBUS
Oh my God! Are you alright?!

406 stays where she is, SNIFFS the air longingly, and opens her mouth as if to say something. Instead, she HISSES/HOCKS UP PHLEGM, and then SPRINGS at Columbus with ABANDON.

COLUMBUS
Ahhh!

Columbus backs up as fast as possible, then turns to run. He SPRINTS MADLY into his tiny dining room with 406 right on his heels. Columbus overturns two DINING CHAIRS behind him to try to slow 406. She gets TANGLED and SLIPS.

406 gets to her feet and lurches into the KITCHEN. Columbus has turned to face her, holding a BLENDER over his head.

COLUMBUS
Stay back! I don't wanna hurt you!

Zombies don't generally stay back. She BUM-RUSHES him. Still wigged out by the idea of injuring his neighbor (however zombie-ish), Columbus DITCHES the blender and RUNS.

406 is right behind him when he reaches the BEDROOM and tries to SLAM the door SHUT. She STICKS OUT her foot as if she's about to slide into third base and tries to STOP it.

The door SMASHES 406's ANKLE, bending her foot SIDEWAYS with a sickening CRACK. She falls to the ground, screaming, clutching her now diagonally attached foot.

COLUMBUS
Shit! Sorry!

Nice as he may be, Columbus tries to SLAM the door shut again. 406 LUNGES and gets her ARMS and SHOULDERS through.

This time, the door has no chance of closing. The broken ankle has HOBBLED her, but she's still coming...

Columbus can't retreat anywhere but the closet or the bathroom. He chooses the BATHROOM, dashing, reaching it.

Unfortunately, he SLIPS on the WET, MOUNTAIN-DEW-COVERED SHIRT from earlier. He CRASHES to the TILE FLOOR, pulling the SHOWER CURTAIN out of its rings to try to break his fall.

Now she's reached his feet, biting, clawing. He KICKS frantically and haphazardly, but she's got him by the ankle. He opens the CABINET under the sink for a weapon...

Tissue. Cotton Balls. Toilet paper. Columbus rolls his eyes. His arsenal is exclusively soft and fluffy.

406 rises up to jump on Columbus, and he just manages to pull the SHOWER CURTAIN over himself. She lands on top of him, and now THEY'RE WRESTLING, GRABBING, PUNCHING, with only the CURTAIN in between them.

Columbus falls back to the tile, WHACKING his HEAD. Now he and the zombie are literally FACE to FACE, as if kissing, but with the shower curtain still BETWEEN them.

406's bloody features PRESS gruesomely against the PLASTIC. Columbus uses the moment to reach up and WRAP the curtain around the back of her head, trying to cut off her AIR.

It's WORKING... she gasps, wheezes, chokes, and at last starts to go LIMP. We think it's about to be OVER...

...until she CHEWS through the plastic, which allows her to take a DEEP, raspy BREATH. Her gangrenous tongue PROTRUDES through the hole, ALMOST LICKING Columbus on the mouth...

Columbus GROPES under the sink again, grabs an aerasol can of DISINFECTANT, AIMS it into her mouth, and FIRES.

406 CHOKES and rolls off Columbus. He gains his feet, SLIPS back against the TOILET, and knocks the PORCELAIN LID on the back of the toilet basin ASKEW.

This gives him an idea. He grabs the heavy LID and steps over 406, SWATTING her hand with it as he runs from the room.

Columbus SHUTS the bathroom door behind him, and the bedroom door behind him after that. Unfortunately, he's on the wrong side of the locks now, so he can't lock her out of anywhere.

406 rises to her feet again. She tries to BEND her broken foot into place, CRACKING it from one odd angle to another. No luck, now it's just as twisted in the other direction.

406 gives up on her foot and opens the bathroom door. Then she limps to the bedroom door and opens it, too. Columbus is standing in the living room, chest heaving.

COLUMBUS
Please listen to me, 406. Listen. If you're in there. You're just sick. Stop. Don't...

But 406's expression is one of pure, blinded hate. She throws back her head and HOWLS with rage. The sound is beyond scary, like that of a trapped, infuriated animal. She RUN-DRAGS herself TOWARD Columbus.

COLUMBUS
(under his breath)
Forgive me.

With all his might, he BELTS her in the head with the TOILET BASIN LID. At the EXACT MOMENT of jarring IMPACT, we FREEZE FRAME on a STILL SHOT of Columbus connecting perfectly, violently with 406's temple.

DISSOLVE TO:

30 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 30

WATER. Running from the faucet... eddying in the sink with blood and grime... splashing on walls and mirror.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
You tell yourself over and over, this... this... did not just happen. It did not. It did not. It did not. It couldn't have. It couldn't have.

INTERCUT, we see QUICK IMAGES of COLUMBUS's pain, fear, and grief. He's washing his hands feverishly in the sink. He's HYPERVENTILATING. He's spasming with panting and groans.

He's sitting still against his bathroom wall and TREMBLING.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
But it did. In the face of every sane thing that came before it, and all I'd come to know and expect about the world... it did.

DISSOLVE TO:

COLUMBUS, with a phone to his ear, still hearing the not-in-service TONE. He sets down the receiver. In tears, he carries his SHOWER CURTAIN into the living room.

He stands over 406's dead body, chokes back the smell, then starts to wrap her in the SHOWER CURTAIN, DUCT-TAPING the edges. As he goes to move her arm, something makes him stop.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
A 'zombie' isn't a dead person who's come back to life. It's someone who's been infected with the plague of the 21st century - a raging fever where your brain inflames, leaving you violent, hateful... some insist evil. Zombieism's carried in bodily fluid.

Near 406's wrist is a severe BITE MARK that bears the unmistakable imprint of human teeth. Columbus examines the bite mark, his mind racing with the implications.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
These fluids are highly contagious and fast-acting when they mix with <u>your</u> fluids. So if you're thinking of going tongue-to-tonsil with your suddenly less-cute neighbor...

A QUICK CUT of 406 trying to stick her TONGUE into Columbus's mouth through the shower curtain.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
...try something more innocent.

Columbus sadly BRUSHES 406's HAIR over her EAR, then RESUMES wrapping her up.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Mom and Dad would have to wait...

FADE OUT.

31 OMITTED 31

FADE UP ON:

32 EXT. INTERSTATE 30 - DAY 32

TALLAHASSEE and COLUMBUS have resumed driving down the interstate. A tangle of BURNED VEHICLES with DEAD, CHARRED DRIVERS BLOCKS the WAY.

32A EXT. INTERSTATE 30 - MOMENTS LATER 32A

TALLAHASSEE and COLUMBUS now OUT of the ESCALADE, PUSHING a burned station wagon off the road so they can drive past.

COLUMBUS
I've heard there's still a place untouched by all this crap.

TALLAHASSEE
Back east, right?

COLUMBUS
You heard the same thing?!

TALLAHASSEE
Sure. Out west, we've heard it's back east.

(MORE)

TALLAHASSEE (cont'd)
Back east, they've heard it's out west. There's no such place. You're like the penguin at the north pole who's heard the south pole's really nice this time of year.

COLUMBUS
There are no penguins at the north pole.

A moment passes. Tallahassee ponders.

TALLAHASSEE
Wanna see how hard I can punch?

DISSOLVE TO:

33 EXT./INT. INTERSTATE 30/ESCALADE - DAY 33 *

TALLAHASSEE and COLUMBUS are driving through a new section of INTERSTATE 30, in MID-CONVERSATION.

COLUMBUS
The last time I 'laid some pipe?'

TALLAHASSEE
Yeah. The last time you went twenty toes... put Percy in the playpen... went heels to Jesus...

Columbus stares.

COLUMBUS
Made love?

TALLAHASSEE
(nods)
Sex.

Columbus's eyes drift to a BILLBOARD for UPS. He begins a tentative lie that gets more confident with every word:

COLUMBUS
Three weeks ago. Back of an abandoned UPS truck.

TALLAHASSEE
Shut. Up.

COLUMBUS
I was headed east. She was headed west. We took shelter in the truck. Full of undelivered packages. Night vision goggles. Case of apple butter.
(MORE)

COLUMBUS (cont'd)
Phone shaped like a football. We started to open 'em up. And, y'know, work 'em in.

TALLAHASSEE
What was her name?!

COLUMBUS
Beverly.
(smiles)
Hills.

A long pause. Columbus is sure Tallahassee has seen through the story. Instead...

TALLAHASSEE
You dog.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
He's dumber than I thought.

COLUMBUS
How 'bout you?

TALLAHASSEE
Me? I... I...
(sees trouble ahead, grimaces)
...Aye-yay-yay...

Tallahassee STOPS the ESCALADE. A ZOMBIE is on the road ahead, perched over a dead BUSINESSMAN, eating him.

COLUMBUS
Oh, God.

The zombie holds up a THIGH BONE, chewing on it like corn-on-the-cob, so intent that it doesn't notice the Escalade.

TALLAHASSEE
It makes you...

COLUMBUS
I know, it makes you sick. It makes you sad. About...
(bows his head, then raises it)
...the way things were. It makes you think, if you could go back in time, right now... you'd be catching fireflies in the back yard. Mom calling you in for dinner: her famous Bacon Tater Bake just outta the oven. Then maybe a game of Ants in the Pants with Dad. It makes you think home is so close you could touch it. But so far away.
(MORE)

COLUMBUS (cont'd)
And instead, this... this...
(can't think of the word)

The zombie BREAKS the bone in TWO and SUCKS OUT the MARROW.

COLUMBUS
...this. It makes you...

TALLAHASSEE
...hungry. *

A long pause. Columbus stares at Tallahassee.

COLUMBUS
I'm worried about you.

TALLAHASSEE
You're the one playing Ants in the Pants with Pops. Look, I hate to poop on the parade, but whatever's waiting for you in Columbus, it ain't any prettier than our friend eating her manwich here. Best do like me and put home sweet home in your rear view.
(raises his arm)
Hold on...

TALLAHASSEE reaches UP and hits the ON-STAR button (GM's roadside assistance service). After two rings, a young AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN'S VOICE comes over the car SPEAKERS.

DETROIT (V.O.)
On-Star. How can I help you?

Columbus is SHOCKED to hear a voice on the line.

TALLAHASSEE
Detroit! It's Tallahassee!

DETROIT (V.O.)
Tallahassee! You don't call, you don't write! How you doing?

TALLAHASSEE
Better now, Beautiful...

DETROIT (V.O.)
Quit.

TALLAHASSEE
Detroit, say hello to my new best friend: Columbus.

DETROIT (V.O.)
Columbus, I'm so sorry for you.

COLUMBUS
On-Star still works?!

DETROIT (V.O.)
I'm the last one here. But the system's still up. And I'm not ready for retirement.

TALLAHASSEE
Detroit was just another On-Star operator. Now she's the Guardian Angel of Zombieland. Our eye in the sky...

DETROIT (V.O.)
How can I help?

TALLAHASSEE
We're looking for the nearest grocery store...

DETROIT
Grocery? Let's see. Little town of Sulphur Springs. Sixteen miles, exit, first right. Good luck. God bless.
(a pause)
And thank you for using On-Star...

CLICK.

TALLAHASSEE
Does she sound hot to you?

COLUMBUS
People in the telecommunications industry usually are.

TALLAHASSEE
She's got a sister...

The Escalade ACCELERATES. Tallahassee drives close by the zombie and violently SHOVES the driver's door OPEN. It swings out and WHACKS the zombie in the head. The zombie DROPS, and Tallahassee resumes driving.

Columbus looks forlornly OVER his SHOULDER. The fallen ZOMBIE and the CORPSE FADE into the DISTANCE.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
It does make you wonder. What it is about me and Tallahassee that we're still around to make grocery lists, while those two souls ended up on either end of a mid-day snack? You never know...

34 EXT./INT. GAS STATION - DAY - FLASHBACK 34

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
For instance, here's a little drinking game: Take a look at the following pre-Zombieland scene and try to predict who's gonna survive post-Zombieland...

We're outside a PRE-ZOMBIELAND gas station, on the outskirts of a busy city. The world is more alive and verdant pre-Zombieland. Hustle. Bustle. Cars whizzing by. Birds chirping. Flowers. Green trees. Etc.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **One Month Earlier**

We crane all the way to the ASPHALT, where a well-dressed, put-upon young WOMAN, mid-twenties, is kneeling down, frantically searching on the ground next to some gas pumps. The woman is GORGEOUS, but an emotional wreck. Her search is totally FRUITLESS, and she fights back tears.

The MANAGER of the gas station, a shifty-eyed GREASE-BALL, sees her and comes out to help.

MANAGER
Whatcha looking for?

WOMAN
My engagement ring. I took it off to pump my gas. Thought I put it in my purse, but it must've...

MANAGER
What's it look like?

WOMAN
Big and... beautiful.
(starts to cry)
It's just, what'll I tell my fiance? And I'm late for my flight.

MANAGER
(sly)
Tell you what. Gimme your number. Get on that flight. I'll find your ring, Fed Ex it. Your fiance'll never know.

WOMAN
I'll give you a reward.

MANAGER
Don't be silly.

WOMAN
Three thousand dollars.
(off the manager's look)
It's worth more than my car.

The manager steals a furtive glance at the woman's car: a cute RED BMW CONVERTIBLE. He deftly conceals his excitement.

MANAGER
I'm not taking your three thousand dollars. But I will take your number.

The woman's face says it all: Can she trust him? At last, she gives him her card.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. STREET/GAS STATION 35

THE BMW PULLING AWAY... The MANAGER waves, watching the car disappear, then TURNS QUICKLY and SCOURS THE PAVEMENT.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. GAS STATION 36

LATER... The MANAGER is sweaty with the effort of sorting the TRASH. Nothing. Then the PHONE RINGS in his office.

CUT TO:

37 INT. GAS STATION OFFICE 37

MOMENTS LATER... The MANAGER is on the phone in the office, his back turned to the window.

MANAGER
(into phone)
I told you, she's on a plane! That's the beauty of it!

He turns around and SPIES an ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL bending over something SHINY on the sidewalk. The girl is sharp, tomboyish, wise beyond her years, a quick study. Like LIGHTNING, the manager HANGS up and SPRINTS OUTSIDE. The girl is standing up, examining a HUGE, SPARKLING RING.

MANAGER
You found my ring!

The girl looks up. The manager reaches out with a grin.

MANAGER
Thanks! Been looking all over for it.

The girl looks WARY. She speaks with a SOUTHERN ACCENT:

GIRL
Your ring?

MANAGER
A friend of mine's. She was sad to lose it. I'm gonna send it to her.
(off the girl's skeptical look)
Look, here's her number!

The manager produces the woman's CARD.

GIRL
That could be anyone's number.

MANAGER
Kid, I'm not making this up. Santa Claus is watching...

GIRL
Do I get a reward?

MANAGER
There's candy in the office!

The girl thinks, then turns to leave with a shrug.

GIRL
Meh.

MANAGER
(panic setting in)
You can't sell it, if that's what you're thinking! Take that ring into a store, they're only gonna ask questions. Besides, a big store, it's not worth anything to them.

The girl turns back.

GIRL
It is to you.

38 INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - DAY 38

The MANAGER is standing at the CASH REGISTER, COUNTING OFF TWENTY dollar BILLS into the GIRL's HAND.

MANAGER
Sixty, eighty... that's four hundred dollars. The whole register.

He tilts the register tray toward the girl to show her that it's empty. The girl TILTS the tray in the OTHER DIRECTION, revealing another stack of TWENTIES UNDER THE TRAY. The manager sags, scoops them up, and hands them over.

MANAGER
Fine. Seven hundred.

GIRL
And the candy.

MANAGER
One bar.

The girl grabs an Aba Zabba. Then she takes a good, hard look at the RING. The manager was quick to cough up that money. But a deal's a deal. The girl HANDS OVER the ring.

MANAGER
You've made someone very happy.

The girl exits with her cash and a now half-eaten Aba Zabba.

GIRL
(mouth full)
You too.

39 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 39 *

The GIRL walks AROUND THE CORNER, where the GAS STATION is no longer in sight. She approaches a car parked under a tree. It's the SHINY RED BMW CONVERTIBLE. The girl climbs into the passenger seat and shuts the door. The beautiful WOMAN smirks at her from the driver's seat.

WOMAN
Well?

GIRL
(forks over the cash)
Five hundred.
(MORE)

GIRL (cont'd)
(off the woman's skeptical look, hands her more)
OK, six.

The woman smiles and KISSES her on the forehead lovingly.

WOMAN
Guessing seven. But keep the difference. You earned it. How many left?

The girl opens the GLOVE COMPARTMENT, takes out a manila ENVELOPE, and dumps fifteen fat identical costume engagement RINGS into her LAP. She holds one up to the light.

GIRL
Someday, I want a ring this big.

WOMAN
For the low price of thirty bucks, sold.

GIRL
(offers her candy)
Aba Zabba?

WOMAN
(shakes her head)
Five grams fat. Seatbelt.

The woman lowers the TOP of the CONVERTIBLE. The girl buckles up and pulls out a MAP of the UNITED STATES.

GIRL
California's far.

WOMAN
Exactly. Dad won't find us. Ever. He's smart. He sucks. But he's not, like, God. Remind me: How many people will live in California by 2011?

GIRL
Thirty-nine million.

WOMAN
Thirty-nine million..?

GIRL
(smiles)
...and two.

WOMAN
Besides. Nothing bad ever happens at Majestic Mountain. *

GIRL
I know. I remember.

WOMAN
You were four.

GIRL
I'll always remember.

The girl puts out her fist. The woman looks at it, then SMIRKS and gives her a Tiger-Woods-style FIST POUND. We CRANE UP as the two DRIVE AWAY.

40 INT. GAS STATION MEN'S ROOM - DAY 40

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Fast forward to Zombieland. Any guesses who's gonna survive? If you said <u>this</u> guy, take a drink...

The MANAGER is sitting in a stall on the TOILET. He hears the main DOOR to the bathroom swing OPEN.

MANAGER
Can a guy take a growler in peace?!

The manager GASPS. A ZOMBIE has poked its HEAD under the stall door, and is STARING at him with a RAVENOUS SMILE. The manager SCREAMS, and the stall SHUDDERS with the attack.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
See?! Crawling under the stall! Crawling under the stall!

FADE OUT.

41 EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY - PRESENT 41

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **Sulphur Springs, Texas**

Another TITLE: **Blaine's Grocery**

FADE UP ON:

The ESCALADE, parked by a GROCERY STORE in Sulphur Springs.

Another TITLE: **Double Coupon Sunday**

COLUMBUS and TALLAHASSEE are standing by the back of the Escalade. They peer in the windows of the store, where they see MOVEMENT in the aisles. It can only mean...

COLUMBUS
Uh-oh.

Tallahassee doesn't look concerned. In fact, he looks EXCITED. He lowers the SUV's TAILGATE to reveal a huge, jumbled cache of creative WEAPONS.

Tallahassee sifts through the weapons, examining and discarding: a huge black SKILLET... a GOLF BAG stuffed with a RAKE, a WEED WHACKER, and a BIG BERTHA DRIVER... a massive old, wooden PICK-AXE...

COLUMBUS
Prospecting?

Tallahassee ignores the joke and slides the axe through his belt. *
*

COLUMBUS
You... are dangerous. You're gonna risk our lives for a Twinkie?! I've got perfectly good macaroni salad...

Talahassee grabs a WICKED pair of HEDGE CLIPPERS. *

TALLAHASSEE
There's a box of Twinkies in that grocery store. Not just any box of Twinkies. The last box of Twinkies that anyone will enjoy in the whole universe. Believe it or not, there's an expiration date on Twinkies. And the Hostess factories are gone. Some day very soon, life's little Twinkie gauge is gonna hit Empty.

Tallahassee finds an ACOUSTIC GUITAR and slides it over his shoulder by the strap. He shakes his head at Columbus.

TALLAHASSEE
Fucking macaroni salad.

TALLAHASSEE marches toward the front doors, COLUMBUS in tow.

TALLAHASSEE
The whole 'zombies only eat human flesh' thing? Total myth. They'll scarf anything. I know 'cause I've seen 'em eat tofu, black licorice, and all but one of the Lean Cuisines. Which one won't they touch? A bit of a head scratcher: Oven Roasted Beef Burgundy.

Tallahassee steps on the door pad, and the doors slide open.

TALLAHASSEE
Time to nut up or shut up.

42 OMITTED 42

43 OMITTED 43

44 INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY 44

TALLAHASSEE walks soundlessly toward the aisles. COLUMBUS stays close behind with his SHOTGUN. The place is a MESS, food strewn everywhere.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
When Tallahassee goes Hulk on a zombie, he sets the standard for not-to-be-fucked-with. Intensely violent. Creatively violent. No fear. Nothing to lose. I wish I didn't feel such a rush watching, but what can I say? It's like... art.

Tallahassee motions for Columbus to stop, UNSLINGS the guitar, and STRUMS a SINGLE CHORD. On cue, a hugely OBESE ZOMBIE jumps out from behind a counter. Tallahassee BRAINS the zombie with the guitar.

Then Tallahassee makes like a member of The Clash, RAISING the guitar over his head and bringing it down on the zombie again and again.

A second MORBIDLY OBESE ZOMBIE rushes. Tallahassee readies the pick axe and CRUSHES its head into a display of snacks. * *

At last, one final FAT ZOMBIE waddles toward Tallahassee. He faces it with a smile, holding up the big HEDGE CLIPPERS. He SNAPS them a couple times. The zombie PAUSES, concerned.

CUT TO:

The NOW-BLOODY HEDGE CLIPPERS sliding across the floor, tossed aside. COLUMBUS is half amazed, half nauseated. Tallahassee looks at the three HUGELY FAT DEAD ZOMBIES.

TALLAHASSEE
These three really let themselves go.

COLUMBUS
Being a zombie's gotta be depressing. And what cures depression? Dessert food.

Tallahassee's EYES WIDEN as he considers this. All at once, he DASHES into the DESSERT FOOD AISLE.

A couple beats. Tallahassee walks out slowly, discarding a couple EMPTY TWINKIE BOXES. To add insult to injury, he strolls into the FREEZER AISLE, then plucks out a PACKAGE. He hands it to COLUMBUS:

A PRISTINE BOX of Lean Cuisine's OVEN ROASTED BEEF BURGUNDY.

TALLAHASSEE
Got a quarter? I wanna ride the rocket ship.

COLUMBUS
We should probably keep moving. Before...

Almost perfectly on cue, we hear MOVEMENT in an aisle. Columbus tentatively RAISES his SHOTGUN.

Slowly, Tallahassee and Columbus approach the aisle. STANDING there is the WOMAN of COLUMBUS's DREAMS, bedraggled, but naturally GORGEOUS, who also just happens to be...

...THE CON-WOMAN FROM THE RED BMW.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
<u>All</u> I could think, was what are the odds: another 'marriageable woman' to bring home to the folks. Zombieland's like eharmony, only fewer gruesome surprises! Someone's ear's in danger of having hair brushed over it...

But Columbus's excited, expectant expression fades as the woman's face contorts into ANGUISH and TERROR.

WOMAN
Come quick...

45 INT. STORE ROOMS - DAY 45

The WOMAN leads TALLAHASSEE and COLUMBUS through the back store rooms. COLUMBUS looks increasingly nervous. He passes an emergency exit, then stops.

COLUMBUS
I'll catch up!

Columbus doubles back and OPENS the exit door. He looks into the ALLEY to see if the coast is clear.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Rule #22. When in Doubt. Know Your Way Out.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **22. When in Doubt. Know Your Way Out.**

46 INT. BUTCHER SHOP - DAY 46

COLUMBUS enters the butcher shop, where TALLAHASSEE meets him, takes him by the arm, and speaks softly into his ear.

TALLAHASSEE
(sotto voce)
They're sisters. The young one's been bitten. Act normal. Don't freak her out...
(out loud for everyone to hear)
Columbus, meet Wichita... and Little Rock.

WICHITA is the woman from the BMW. And LITTLE ROCK is her little sister. Zombieland has taken its toll on these two.

Little Rock sits languidly against a counter. She is pale, sweaty. Columbus shakes Wichita's hand, then Little Rock's. His eyes dart to a bloody, mouth-shaped WOUND on Little Rock's WRIST. Little Rock closes, then OPENS her eyes.

LITTLE ROCK
You did all this... for a Twinkie?

COLUMBUS
He did, actually. I'm more of a... second banana.

Wichita pulls the guys aside. They talk in hushed tones.

COLUMBUS
She doesn't have long.

WICHITA
I know. And she knows.
(gathers her composure)
We're just looking for a way out.

Wichita's eyes go to Columbus's SHOTGUN. Columbus follows her gaze, then SHAKES his HEAD.

COLUMBUS
Oh no you don't. She's just a girl.

LITTLE ROCK
Don't talk about me like I'm not here!

COLUMBUS
(crosses to Little Rock)
I know you're sick, but she wants me to...

LITTLE ROCK
It's not her decision. It's mine. I made her promise. I made her promise. We already said goodbye. But we didn't have a gun.

COLUMBUS
This may sound crazy, but we're still not sure there's no cure! You never know...

LITTLE ROCK
You're just gutless. Give him the gun.

She motions toward TALLAHASSEE. After a few beats, he strides over and GRABS the shotgun. Columbus RESISTS, but he YANKS it away. Columbus turns his back, DISGUSTED, as Tallahassee steps toward Little Rock. Wichita bites her lip.

WICHITA
Wait. I'll do it.

Tallahassee hesitates, then HANDS the SHOTGUN to Wichita. Little Rock and Wichita share a poignant glance, then take each other's hand. Wichita squeezes Little Rock's palm. She checks the gun for shells (they're there), then closes it.

TALLAHASSEE
Is there anything we can do?

WICHITA
Since you mention it...

Wichita turns the SHOTGUN AWAY from Little Rock and POINTS IT RIGHT AT Tallahassee.

WICHITA
...we'll take your car keys, weapons, ammunition...

Little Rock POPS OFF the floor with a burst of energy.

LITTLE ROCK
...and if you've got it, sugarless gum.

Columbus turns around. What the hell?! Tallahassee swallows his surprise. He points to Little Rock's 'bite':

TALLAHASSEE
What's that?

LITTLE ROCK
Mrs. Renfro's Salsa. Temperature: Habanero.

Little Rock quickly LICKS OFF the salsa.

LITTLE ROCK
Spicy.

COLUMBUS
(stunned)
Why would you do this?

WICHITA
(taking ammo from Columbus)
Better you make the mistake of trusting us. Than us make the mistake of trusting you.

Wichita snatches Tallahassee's keys.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
And my folks would've been so pleased.

47 EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY 47 *

WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK fire up the ESCALADE. COLUMBUS and TALLAHASSEE stand forlornly by the driver's side door, their DUFFEL BAG and ROLLING SUITCASE at their feet. *

Little Rock waves a teasingly cheerful GOODBYE. Columbus stares at Wichita through the OPEN driver's WINDOW. *

COLUMBUS
I could not be more bummed.

WICHITA
Life's a bitch.

Wichita hits the GAS, and the ESCALADE pulls away. *

TALLAHASSEE
Look. Who's. Talking.

48 EXT./INT. ROADS LEAVING SULPHUR SPRINGS/ESCALADE - DAY 48

WICHITA drives Tallahassee's ESCALADE west. LITTLE ROCK sits in the passenger seat. Wichita flips down the visor and looks in the vanity mirror. She WINCES at her appearance and flips the visor back up. *

WICHITA
Avoid the vanity mirror.

LITTLE ROCK
Relax. I just passed for a zombie!

Little Rock flips down her own mirror and frowns.

WICHITA
(smiles)
If there were an Olympics for greasy?
(points to Little Rock)
Gold.

LITTLE ROCK
What I'd give for a...

WICHITA
Do not say s-h-o-w-e-r. Let's just get where we're headed.

LITTLE ROCK
Think it's true? About Majestic Mountain? * *

WICHITA
(nods)
Totally zombie free. Only place west of Waco.

LITTLE ROCK
'Cause zombies would make the Log Ride suck.

WICHITA
I heard it. It's true. The Log Ride's too scary even for zombies. No possible way it could suck!
(off Little Rock's skeptical-but-hopeful look)
Log Ride. Not sucking.

Wichita plants the accelerator on the floor.

WICHITA
Trust me.

49 EXT. SULPHUR SPRINGS, TEXAS - DAY 49

TALLAHASSEE and COLUMBUS troll through Sulphur Springs, looking for a new car. Columbus carries Tallahassee's DUFFEL BAG on top of his ROLLING SUITCASE like a Sherpa.

COLUMBUS
He was on one of those serious Tour De France bikes, with the toe holds. And he's pedaling. And the zombie's head's, like, stuck, in the gears, with its hair in the chain... going around.

TALLAHASSEE
Very cool. But 'Zombie Kill of the Week?' No sir. I saw this construction worker, I shit you not, in a steam roller. This zombie goes down in front of him. And...
(a beat)
...you ever roll a tube of toothpaste up from the bottom?

COLUMBUS
(nods, meek)
I always roll them up from the bottom.

TALLAHASSEE
So this zombie's head... is the cap.

COLUMBUS
Wait. Wait. Are you that guy who always one-ups everyone's stories?

TALLAHASSEE
Nah. I knew a guy way worse at that than me.

COLUMBUS
(blinks)
Let's just try to find a car.

TALLAHASSEE
Which reminds me. I didn't have headaches like these 'til your ass came on board.
(darkens)
Do what you want to a guy. But do not fuck with his Cadillac.

* * * *

COLUMBUS
(points)
There's a nice minivan.

TALLAHASSEE
(brightens)
Yeah, nice!

Tallahassee approaches the MINIVAN, pauses for effect, and then KICKS the LIVING SHIT out of it. SMASHES in the door. RIPS off a mirror. JUMPS up and down on the HOOD. Then falls back INTO STEP with Columbus, who's kept walking.

TALLAHASSEE
I pulled something.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **18. Limber Up.**

TALLAHASSEE
Are the two of <u>us</u> smart enough to come up with a con like that?

Columbus eyes Tallahassee and HESITATES.

TALLAHASSEE
You hesitated.
(SEES something in the DISTANCE, pauses)
Wait: Is it better to be smart? Or... <u>lucky</u>?

Tallahassee breaks into a SPRINT. Columbus FOLLOWS.

50 EXT. HUMMER H2 - DAY 50

COLUMBUS finishes his jog, where he finds TALLAHASSEE already circling his new DISCOVERY: a brand new HUMMER H2, in BLACK, parked askew in a driveway, smacked into a wooden garage support. Columbus freezes. And POINTS.

Two HANDS are visible, GRIPPING the STEERING WHEEL. Tallahassee grows quiet, approaches the driver's door, and THROWS it OPEN to reveal...

...that the HANDS are attached to two disembodied arms, TORN OFF MID-FOREARM. Columbus closes his eyes, RUBS them.

Tallahassee uses a cloth to discard the disembodied hands, then finds a KEY in the ignition. He turns it, and the Hummer ROARS to LIFE.

Tallahassee CACKLES. Columbus opens the back door and dutifully, cautiously peers into the BACK SEAT.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **31. Check the Back Seat.**

On the seat is a BIG paramilitary CANVAS BAG. Columbus examines it: You don't think? He looks at the house, which has a Confederate flag flying. Columbus opens the zipper to discover an ARRAY of WICKED-LOOKING PARAMILITARY WEAPONRY.

Columbus CLEARS his THROAT to get Tallahassee's attention. Tallahassee pokes his head back and looks into the bag.

TALLAHASSEE
No. Way.

Twin .50 Caliber DESERT EAGLE PISTOLS. Two COMBAT SHOTGUNS. BOXES of AMMUNITION. And the crowning glory... an absolutely pristine, deadly, monstrous STEYR AUG AUTOMATIC RIFLE.

Tallahassee is a twelve-year-old boy again:

TALLAHASSEE
This is a really big truck.
(deep breath)
And these are really big guns.

Columbus claps him on the shoulder.

COLUMBUS
Take your time.

51 INT. HUMMER H2 - DAY 51

COLUMBUS sits in the passenger seat, YAWNING. Visible behind him in the rear window (out of focus due to the long lens, and muffled because he's outside) is TALLAHASSEE, who fires a BURST with the rifle, then starts whooping, dancing, and punching the air in CELEBRATION (inspired by a famous shot from 'Ferris Bueller's Day Off').

At last, Tallahassee opens the driver's door and HOPS in.

COLUMBUS
Done?

TALLAHASSEE
(nods)
Recoil therapy.

Tallahassee FLOORS the Hummer, splintering the garage support and bouncing onto the street.

52 EXT./INT. ROADS LEAVING SULPHUR SPRINGS/HUMMER - DAY 52

The HUMMER heads east out of Sulphur Springs, TALLAHASSEE and COLUMBUS in the front seats.

COLUMBUS
You're scary happy.

TALLAHASSEE
You get sentimental, you talk about home. For me, home was a puppy named Buck. German Shepherd. All the fucking zombies. I lost him. And there's no getting him back. So I'm looking for a new home. And by home, I don't mean Mom's... Bacon Tater Bake, or some bullshit place with no zombies. I mean anything that makes me feel a thousandth of the way I did around Buck. Tomorrow, maybe skinny-dipping in the Yellowstone River... or swinging from the chandeliers in the Playboy Mansion. But today? A Vortec 6-fucking-liter V-8. A boxful of .50 cal. And lord willing, a G.D. Twinkie. Gotta enjoy the little things... * * *

Tallahassee turns on the CD player. A SONG begins: BILLY JOEL'S 'KEEPING THE FAITH.' There's no better music for feeling good when you should be feeling bad. Tallahassee sticks his HEAD out the SUN ROOF, singing into the wind:

TALLAHASSEE
Gonna listen to my forty-fives! Ain't it wonderful to be alive, when the rock-n-roll plays!

Tallahassee inadvertently catches a BUG in the MOUTH. He HACKS. Columbus pulls out a tiny, dog-eared NOTEBOOK and SCRIBBLES in it.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
I hate to give credit to anyone who eats bugs. But I'm writing it down. Rule #32 For Surviving Zombieland - Enjoy the Little Things.

Tallahassee considers something, lowers the volume on the stereo, and hits the ON-STAR BUTTON.

DETROIT (V.O.)
On-Star. How can I help you?

TALLAHASSEE
Detroit, Tallahassee.

DETROIT (V.O.)
Handsome!

TALLAHASSEE
We need another grocery store. And before I forget, we found a new ride.

DETROIT (V.O.)
A Hummer! You stud. I'm so relieved! After what happened to the Caddy...

Tallahassee starts to nod, then STOPS with a FROWN.

TALLAHASSEE
You know what happened to the Escalade?

DETROIT (V.O.)
Just it's been dead for an hour. Mile marker two-ten. 'Check Engine' light on. I was worried. But you found a new ride. So it's all good.

Tallahassee and Columbus share a look.

TALLAHASSEE
It's allllll good.

Much to Columbus's consternation, Tallahassee swings a WIDE U-TURN and hits the GAS. He is nearly salivating. The SUV sails WEST. Columbus fidgets.

COLUMBUS
They say 'He who seeks revenge should remember to dig two graves...'

TALLAHASSEE
Right. Two graves. One for the big chick. And one for the little chick.

Tallahassee turns the volume back up, and 'KEEPING THE FAITH' resumes at FULL BLAST.

53 EXT. INTERSTATE 30 - DAY 53

'KEEPING THE FAITH' plays as the HUMMER ZOOMS west down INTERSTATE 30 under a BLOOD-RED SUN. A gorgeous HAWK flies overhead. COLUMBUS admires the fiery landscape.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **32. Enjoy the Little Things.**

DISSOLVE TO:

54 EXT./INT. VALLEY/HUMMER - DAY 54

The Texas plains. The Hummer is parked at the top of a valley, about a mile across, high on one side, high on the other, depressed in the middle.

Interstate 30 runs down to the valley floor and up the other side. At the bottom sits the ESCALADE, its hood raised. TALLAHASSEE watches through BINOCULARS. COLUMBUS looks on.

Three letters have been added to the number '3' on the side of the SUV. It reads, 'H3LP' (HELP). There is MOVEMENT UNDER THE HOOD, as evidenced by moving CLOTH and a SHADOW.

TALLAHASSEE
(grabs his STEYR AUG rifle)
Knowing them? It's a trap. Stay here. Drive down if I signal.

COLUMBUS
You're not gonna shoot them?

TALLAHASSEE
Not unless they shoot at me.
(slaps a clip into the rifle)
Let's hope they shoot at me.

55 EXT./INT. VALLEY/HUMMER - DAY 55

TALLAHASSEE walks toward the Escalade in the stealthiest way possible, STEYR AUG RAISED. He looks UNDER the truck. He throws open the tailgate. At last, he peers around the hood.

A BLOUSE is hanging from the hood ornament on a HANGER, ostensibly to provide SHADE for whoever was working under the hood. That's what was causing the moving SHADOW...

Tallahassee steps away from the Escalade until he's fifty yards off. Then he SIGNALS COLUMBUS.

CUT TO:

COLUMBUS pulling up to TALLAHASSEE in the **HUMMER.** Tallahassee clambers into the PASSENGER SEAT.

TALLAHASSEE
They must've hoofed it.

Columbus smiles TIMIDLY at Tallahassee, but DOESN'T ANSWER.

TALLAHASSEE
Probably west.

Columbus cocks his head. That would be logical.

TALLAHASSEE
Drive slowly, eyes open.

Columbus bites his lip but doesn't hit the gas. Tallahassee stares for a moment, then faces forward.

TALLAHASSEE
They're in the back seat, huh?

LITTLE ROCK
Just me!

LITTLE ROCK pops up in the back seat, pointing Columbus's old SHOTGUN at the back of Tallahassee's neck.

COLUMBUS
Really sorry.

TALLAHASSEE
You got taken hostage. By an eleven-year-old.

COLUMBUS
She's way more mature than I was at that age.

LITTLE ROCK
Eleven's the new seventeen!
(to Tallahassee)
Gun, please.

TALLAHASSEE
Like you'd ever shoot that th-

Before Tallahassee can finish, Little Rock IMMEDIATELY FIRES TWO SHOTGUN BLASTS out the window. Then, before he's recovered from his flinch, she rapidly EJECTS the SHELLS, slides in two new ones, and slaps the GUN closed AGAIN.

TALLAHASSEE
Jesus H. Christ in low rise jeans!

LITTLE ROCK
All those violent video games.

Tallahassee quickly hands his rifle into the BACK SEAT.

LITTLE ROCK
(to Columbus)
Drive.

Columbus drives up the far side of the valley.

LITTLE ROCK
Now flash your brights.

Columbus FLASHES the BRIGHTS. WICHITA emerges from a CLUSTER of ROCKS like she's emerging from thin air.

COLUMBUS
(to Tallahassee, gesturing toward Little Rock)
She was hidden even better.
(off Tallahassee's GLARE)
'Cause she's smaller.

Wichita aims the AK-47 at Columbus and opens his door.

WICHITA
I'm the first to admit. This is a little awkward. Step away from the vehicle...

56 EXT. VALLEY - DAY 56

TALLAHASSEE and COLUMBUS stand by their duffel bag and roller suitcase. They stare helplessly as WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK load their own GEAR into the HUMMER and PULL AWAY.

TALLAHASSEE
Assholes. Joke's on them. Look what I swiped from under the seat!

Tallahassee holds open the manila ENVELOPE from earlier, full of COSTUME JEWELRY RINGS. Columbus rolls his eyes. Tallahassee and Columbus watch as their nemeses head WEST.

57 INT. HUMMER - DAY 57

WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK cruise west on the INTERSTATE, LAUGHING as they discuss the guys. Little Rock ADJUSTS her seat with the levers. Up. Down. Backwards. Forwards.

WICHITA
With the muscles and the glasses. And how he sucks in his stomach. I'm guessing eighth grade P.E. teacher. I see powder blue Dolphin shorts.

LITTLE ROCK
(shakes head)
Pool guy. Or concert security. With the yellow jacket. And the metal detector stick. 'Kid, gotta ask you to open that backpack...'

WICHITA
Maybe we're underestimating him...

QUICK CUT TO:

58 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK 58

'DUELING BANJOS' kicks in, right at the moment in the middle of the song where it gets wonderfully fast/frenetic. Pre-Zombieland TALLAHASSEE stands on a STREET, SPINNING one of those BIG CARDBOARD REAL ESTATE ARROW SIGNS. His dog BUCK sits next to his owner, watching patiently.

Tallahassee's a DISASTER. The sign keeps DROPPING. WHACKING him in the face. LAUNCHING off his finger into traffic. A DRIVER of a CONVERTIBLE gets NAILED in the head and SWERVES.

QUICK CUT BACK TO:

59 INT. HUMMER/COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 59 *

LITTLE ROCK
Nah.

WICHITA
And the skinny one?

LITTLE ROCK
(rolls eyes)
Get some sun!

WICHITA
He kinda screamed... Kinko's.

LITTLE ROCK
Something lame...

QUICK CUT TO:

60 INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY - FLASHBACK 60 *

We hear the BEEP-BEEP-BOOP of sing-songy NINTENDO MUSIC. COLUMBUS is wearing a TOYS-R-US shirt. He plays TENNIS on a NINTENDO WII in the video game department, trying to impress a hot MOM and her TWO little KIDS.

Columbus SWINGS the controller back for a forehand and WHACKS one of the KIDS in the face, dropping him.

QUICK CUT BACK TO:

61 INT. HUMMER/COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 61 *

LITTLE ROCK
Amazing.

WICHITA
What?

LITTLE ROCK
How they got <u>this</u> far. They should be proud.

WICHITA
They can die happy.
(realizes her word choice)
I mean...

LITTLE ROCK finds herself glancing at the shoulder of the interstate, where CROWS FEAST on RAVAGED CORPSES. Then she looks at WICHITA, who slowly returns the stare.

WICHITA
No.

LITTLE ROCK
OK.

A beat.

WICHITA
No!

LITTLE ROCK
OK!

WICHITA
We're not going back! They're dangerous!

LITTLE ROCK
Right.

WICHITA
O.K., not dangerous. Pathetic. But what did we say?

LITTLE ROCK
Trust no one. Just you and me.

WICHITA
You and me. Even if it means leaving behind the slow or the weak.

LITTLE ROCK
Or one slow. And one weak.

WICHITA
Right.

A couple beats.

LITTLE ROCK
I saw this Discovery Channel show. On, like, wildebeest herds. They always <u>wait</u> for the slow and the weak. That way, when the lions show up... they only eat the slow and the weak.

Wichita and Little Rock share a sly look.

62 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/HUMMER - DAY 62 *

We see the HUMMER from behind. Its BRAKE LIGHTS come on.

62A EXT./INT. COUNTRY ROAD/HUMMER - DAY 62A *

The Hummer is now FULL. WICHITA is driving. A giddy COLUMBUS sits in the passenger seat. LITTLE ROCK sits back left, aiming her SHOTGUN at TALLAHASSEE, back right.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
That face? That's me realizing... A) I just got picked up by the woman of my dreams... B) She can't use the 'boyfriend' shield... and C) My lone competition's only life goal is eating a sponge cake with creamy filling.

Superimposed Onscreen: 3 TITLES, displayed consecutively as Columbus talks about them:

A) Picked up by Woman of Dreams.

B) 'Boyfriend' Excuse Out of Date.

C) Competition Weak.

COLUMBUS
Thanks, Wichita. Little Rock. You have * really big hearts.
(knees rub against dashboard)
And really short legs.

Columbus moves the seat BACKWARD... onto Tallahassee's FOOT.

TALLAHASSEE
Ow!

Little Rock's gaze lowers to Tallahassee's foot. He immediately LUNGES and WRENCHES the SHOTGUN from her! Wichita SLAMS on the BRAKES. The Hummer SCREECHES to a STOP. Tallahassee POINTS the SHOTGUN at Little Rock...

...but WICHITA draws a PISTOL and POINTS it at COLUMBUS. It's a classic STANDOFF. Columbus LOSES IT.

COLUMBUS
For fuck's sake, enough already! We're being chased by ravenous freaks! We don't have enough problems?!
(whiny voice, to Tallahassee)
'They stole my Hummer!'
(whiny voice, to Wichita and Little Rock)
'We got trust issues!' Get over it! We can't drive down the highway for two hours, playing 'I Spy' or some shit, like four normal-ass Americans?! Fuck me!

TALLAHASSEE
(impressed)
Whoa.

COLUMBUS
I know.

Tallahassee and Wichita share a CHASTISED look and slowly LOWER their guns. Wichita brings the Hummer UP to SPEED. The tiniest of SMILES sneaks onto Columbus's face.

COLUMBUS
So... where you guys headed?

LITTLE ROCK
Majestic Mountain. *

TALLAHASSEE
The amusement park? Outside L.A.?!

LITTLE ROCK
(nods)
We went there as kids.

TALLAHASSEE
That place totally blows...
(off Wichita's ANGRY STARE)
...my mind! It's awesome.

COLUMBUS
I went there as a kid, too. This probably counts as off-season. The Ring Around the Rosie will have a very manageable line.

LITTLE ROCK
You remember the Ring Around the Rosie?!

COLUMBUS
Who forgets their first puke.

LITTLE ROCK
Didja hear? There are no zombies there.

Tallahassee is about to dispel this theory with his 'There's no such place' speech, but Columbus STARES HIM DOWN.

TALLAHASSEE
We heard. Yeah.
(can't stand being nice to Little Rock)
Look, I may not try to shoot you. But you still royally piss me off. I ain't sticking around for no Majestic Mountain. *

Little Rock smirks, takes her finger, SUCKS on it... and twirls it into Tallahassee's EAR. Yep. The old WET WILLY.

TALLAHASSEE
(ballistic)
You did <u>not</u>!

COLUMBUS
(to Wichita)
He grows on you.

WICHITA
Really?

COLUMBUS
Nope.

WICHITA
How 'bout we play the quiet game? Starting now.

COLUMBUS
I've been meaning to ask. Heard anything about... Columbus... Ohio?

WICHITA
Never played the quiet game?
(off Columbus's lip-bite)
Well they're playing it in Columbus. Total ghost town. Burned to the ground.
(turns to Tallahassee)
Wait. You're... 'Tallahassee?'
(off Tallahassee's nod, winces)
And you're... 'Columbus?'
(off Columbus's devastated look, winces)
I didn't realize it was...

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
...*home*.

COLUMBUS sits back, his eyes misting over with TEARS.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Where my family was supposed to be. In my heart of hearts, I knew this day would come. The day home left me. For good.

WICHITA
We'll find you a ride. You can go see for yourself. Or else maybe... settle somewhere new. *

LITTLE ROCK reaches over and moves Columbus's seat BACK a little more. As gestures go, it's all she can do. Columbus gives her an appreciative look.

63 INT./EXT. HUMMER - SUNSET 63 *

The HUMMER continues across an ARID West Texas landscape, framed by a desert SUNSET. A melancholy COLUMBUS has that three-mile stare. White lane markers fly hypnotically by.

DISSOLVE TO:

64 EXT./INT. 10 FREEWAY/HUMMER - ARIZONA - NIGHT 64 *

Night. WICHITA drives. COLUMBUS sits awake next to her. TALLAHASSEE and LITTLE ROCK are fast asleep in the back. * *

WICHITA
I know this Majestic Mountain thing's nuts. But it's been so long since she got to be... I don't know... a kid. * *

COLUMBUS
Fucking zombies.

WICHITA
I wasn't talking about zombies.
(looks, squints)
There.

Wichita points at an abandoned PICKUP TRUCK sitting in the far lane. She PULLS OVER.

WICHITA
Well. I hope ya find who you're looking for.

Columbus reluctantly reaches for the door.

WICHITA
Don't let go once you do.

He opens it a crack. PAUSES. Looks at LITTLE ROCK sleeping in the back seat, mouth open. TALLAHASSEE, DROOLING next to her. And WICHITA staring back at him with big, beautiful eyes.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Maybe it was what she said. Or maybe how she said it. But just like that, I knew: Wherever she was going? I was going, too.

Columbus CLOSES the door. The noise JOLTS Tallahassee AWAKE. He smacks the sleep off his lips.

TALLAHASSEE
Zebras... black with white stripes or white with black stripes?

Wichita shakes her head, smirks, and puts the truck into gear again. The Hummer barrels away. A desert sign looms: 'WELCOME TO ARIZONA - THE GRAND CANYON STATE.'

Hours later. COLUMBUS is now behind the wheel. Passing another sign: 'KEMO SABE'S TRADING POST - SEPARATING YOU FROM YOUR WAMPUM... IN 400 MILES!'

A third sign: 'KEMO SABE'S TRADING POST - WE WANTUM YOUR WAMPUM... IN 200 MILES!' TALLAHASSEE is now driving.

WICHITA is back at the wheel. A fourth sign: 'KEMO SABE'S TRADING POST - WAMPUM?! I BARELY KNOW HIM... IN 10 MILES!'

64A EXT. PARKING LOT - KEMO SABE'S TRADING POST - NIGHT 64A *

At last, Wichita PULLS into KEMO SABE'S TRADING POST - a HUGE Native-American themed GIFT SHOP, complete with an enormous CHIEF on the roof. The parking lot is DESERTED - not another car in sight. The others WAKE UP. * *

WICHITA
Sorry. Been waiting for this for, like, four hundred miles. Hold onto your wampum.

Tallahassee bats his eyelids and takes his hand out of his waistband.

TALLAHASSEE
I think I just was.

65 EXT. KEMO SABE'S TRADING POST - NIGHT 65

WICHITA, LITTLE ROCK, COLUMBUS, and TALLAHASSEE quietly approach the open front doors of Kemo Sabe's.

Tallahassee puts a finger to his lips and motions for the others to stop. They stand twenty feet from the front doors.

TALLAHASSEE
Who's first?

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
I really, <u>really</u> wanna impress Wichita. But it would be in direct violation of rule 17. Maybe the most important rule of all...

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **17. Don't be a Hero.**

COLUMBUS
(to Tallahassee)
Why don't you take this one?

Tallahassee grabs Little Rock's SHOTGUN and approaches. He stands against the wall of the building next to the front doors. ABOVE the nearer door sits one of those miniature BELLS that rings whenever the door opens.

We're in a wide master shot, looking into the store over Little Rock's, Wichita's, and Columbus's shoulders. Tallahassee uses the BARREL of his GUN to RING the little BELL. Then he raises the gun to head height.

All in one take, beginning as a speck and getting BIGGER and BIGGER as it nears the camera, a ZOMBIE RUNS from the back of the store toward the front doors AT FULL SPEED.

It runs OUT the front doors and - BOOM! - Tallahassee blows its head clean OFF. The entire zombie goes FLYING. Tallahassee turns on the lights and waves the others in like a casino GREETER.

66 INT. KEMO SABE'S TRADING POST - NIGHT/MORNING 66

WICHITA, LITTLE ROCK, COLUMBUS, and TALLAHASSEE search the aisles of the massive souvenir shop. Among the dream-catchers and tomahawks are God-awful antiques and tchotchkes: Elvis stained-glass table lamps, Greek statues, crystal chandeliers, cuckoo clocks, etc.

Columbus moves down an aisle with an APPALLED look.

COLUMBUS
I keep thinking I can't get more disgusted.

Columbus keeps walking, looks back, and finds himself inadvertently glancing at WICHITA's REFLECTION in an antique MIRROR. She is reaching up to grab a cowboy hat, and her MIDRIFF is showing.

Columbus steals a guilty look, but shakes himself out of it. Then he spies a bottle of what looks like COLOGNE on the counter. He examines the bottle, then surreptitiously sprays some onto his wrists. He nonchalantly rubs some on his neck, then quickly puts the bottle back.

TALLAHASSEE approaches to examine some postcards. SNIFFS the air. Scrunches up his nose quizzically.

TALLAHASSEE
Perfume?

COLUMBUS
What?

TALLAHASSEE
(sniffs Columbus's neck)
Is that... perfume?

COLUMBUS
What?!
(rolls eyes, lowers voice)
Cologne.

TALLAHASSEE
(shakes his head)
I'm thinking Lancome Magnifique. But why you wearing..?
(spies Wichita, sotto)
Oh. My. God. You're thinking of fucking Wichita. Well, wish granted. She's spent the last twenty-four hours fucking us both.
(sniffs Columbus again)
Good luck now, Petunia.

Before Tallahassee can say another word, Columbus's hand darts out, grabs the bottle, and SPRAYS Tallahassee on the neck. Tallahassee stands perfectly still.

COLUMBUS
(realizes he's on thin, thin ice)
Let me begin my three-part apology by saying...

TALLAHASSEE
No, it's OK. But FYI. I've beat wholesale ass for less than that. You get forty-five percent power:

Tallahassee PUNCHES COLUMBUS in the arm, giving him a 'dead arm.' Columbus winces, rubs his arm, reflexively back-pedals, and mistakenly BUMPS a ceramic STATUETTE off the counter. He tries to catch it, but it BREAKS on the floor.

Columbus's first instinct is to try to pick up the pieces. Then he catches himself. Thinks. Smirks. And subtly PUSHES a SECOND STATUETTE onto the floor. CRASH.

WICHITA watches this with a sly smile. She 'accidentally' elbows a faux MING VASE onto the ground. SMASH.

LITTLE ROCK walks along a counter featuring PIGGY BANKS, nudging them off. SMASH! SMASH! SMASH! SMASH!

TALLAHASSEE, now sufficiently distracted from Columbus, clucks in mock disapproval. He walks up to a Cigar Store Indian, starts to turn away, then SPINS, GRABS it by neck and crotch, and BODY-SLAMS it THROUGH a GLASS COFFEE TABLE.

A SONG BEGINS: MOZART'S OVERTURE TO 'THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO,' ushering in a MONTAGE. Everyone indulges in the fantasy of BREAKING fragile stuff. It's one part screw-the-crappy-world catharsis, one part giddy destructive joy:

Little Rock picks up DOLLS and tosses them ONE-BY-ONE into a SPINNING OVERHEAD CEILING FAN. They get dismembered.

Wichita grabs a MEDIEVAL SWORD and HACKS DOWN CHANDELIERS.

Tallahassee sports an INDIAN WAR CLUB. Columbus picks up one of a basketful of GLASS SNOW GLOBES and lobs it into Tallahassee's airspace. Tallahassee SWINGS and SMACKS the globe across the room.

Wichita uses a BOW to shoot BRIGHTLY-FEATHERED ARROWS into MANNEQUINS, toppling them.

Tallahassee grabs Little Rock by the wrists and spins her in big CIRCLES, knocking over every fragile thing in sight.

Columbus and Wichita BOWL with the glass TOPS of GUMBALL MACHINES, smashing them and scattering gumballs everywhere.

Tallahassee throws TORCHIERE LAMPS like JAVELINS.

Little Rock sits on a saddle, LASSOES a MARLON BRANDO BUST, and TUGS IT OVER.

At last, Columbus and Wichita PUSH OVER a SHELF, toppling it onto a SERIES of shelves. They drop like DOMINOES.

As the final shelf falls, the room has been reduced to a pile of DEBRIS. The music comes to a glorious end. The four admire the sight, a little awestruck, then head for the door.

COLUMBUS
Almost forgot.

Columbus digs into his front pocket and hands TALLAHASSEE a tiny glass STATUETTE of a GERMAN SHEPHERD. Tallahassee takes it quizzically at first, then knowingly. He rubs it with his thumb, pauses, then KICKS IT behind his back, HACKY-SACK style, into the pile.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Guess that's what he means by putting home sweet home in your rear view.

Everyone exits into the rising sun of MORNING. We remain in the empty room. COLUMBUS sneaks back in and sheepishly leaves some CASH on the counter to compensate for the mess. Then he flips the store's 'OPEN' sign to 'CLOSED.'

66A EXT./INT. 10 FREEWAY/HUMMER - DAY 66A

The Hummer barrels past a 'WELCOME TO CALIFORNIA' SIGN. COLUMBUS drives. The OTHERS catch a contagious YAWN.

LITTLE ROCK
I swear I smell jasmine.

67 EXT./INT. 10 FREEWAY/HUMMER - AFTERNOON 67

SYSTEM OF A DOWN'S haunting ballad 'LOST IN HOLLYWOOD' begins on the Hummer's speakers. TALLAHASSEE drives. The sun is setting as we finally reach the outskirts of LOS ANGELES. Another SIGN: 'Entering Los Angeles County.' A spray-painted 't' punctuates 'Los.'

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Not exactly where I set out for, but Zombieland has a way of messing with your sense of direction. Now I've set my compass Wichita's way. It's been a long time since Beverly... Hills.

67A EXT. 10 FREEWAY - LOS ANGELES - MONTAGE - DUSK 67A

L.A. looks EERILY EMPTY. We see a MONTAGE of spooky images: The HOLLYWOOD SIGN collapsed. The CAPITOL RECORDS BUILDING on fire. Bodies WASHING UP against the SANTA MONICA PIER. Former Beverly Hills SOCIALITES - now zombies - scavenging on RODEO DRIVE.

68 OMITTED 68 *

68A EXT./INT. BEVERLY HILLS/HUMMER - NIGHT 68A *

The HUMMER coasts past Beverly Hills mansions, TALLAHASSEE behind the wheel. NIGHT has fallen. EVERYONE looks around anxiously. 'Lost in Hollywood' is replaced by a creepy, suspenseful cue. * * * * *

Columbus sees MOVEMENT in some Oleander bushes, but whatever caused it VANISHES. * *

COLUMBUS *
I could be talked into stopping somewhere safe. Whenever-ish. * * *

TALLAHASSEE *
Whaddya think we're doing in the 90210? *

TALLAHASSEE is holding a MAP in front of his FACE... not just any map, a STAR MAP. * *

WICHITA
(looks, frowns)
Not gonna lie. I pictured Tom Cruise living somewhere nicer.

LITTLE ROCK
How 'bout Jay Leno's?

TALLAHASSEE *
(shakes head) *
I got somewhere special in mind... *

Tallahassee turns a corner and points out a GORGEOUS 5-ACRE * COMPOUND, surrounded by a FENCE, dense FOLIAGE, and a massive * wrought-iron GATE with a 'P' in the center. Suddenly, a * CREEPY ZOMBIE pops up out of a MANHOLE on the street. *

Tallahassee PEELS OUT, SWINGS a DOUGHNUT in front of the gate, and PARKS. Everyone fumbles for the DOOR HANDLES.

69 EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT 69

THUD! Tallahassee's DUFFEL BAG lands in a clump of foliage, followed by... THUNK... Little Rock's BACKPACK, Wichita's CARRY-ON, and Columbus's ROLLING SUITCASE. WHACK! COLUMBUS and TALLAHASSEE, WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK JUMP DOWN from the FENCE and into the back yard of the compound.

Then... BOOM! The ZOMBIE from the manhole SMASHES into the fence on the other side, SHAKING it angrily, REACHING futilely through the bars from mere feet away.

As if the zombie didn't even exist, Tallahassee, Wichita, and Little Rock casually pull out their SHOTGUNS, checking the chambers for shells, etc. Meanwhile, Columbus stacks the other bags on top of his rolling suitcase.

The zombie rants outside the fence. Wichita stops for the barest of moments, nonchalantly shoots it in the face (almost without looking), then goes back to what she was doing.

At last, Wichita, Tallahassee, and Little Rock set off through THICK UNDERBRUSH toward the yard. Columbus gathers their stuff and follows, still playing the role of Sherpa.

A winded Columbus emerges from the foliage. He STOPS to carefully examine his own clothes, limbs, and hair. Tallahassee looks back at Columbus questioningly.

COLUMBUS
Tick check.

Tallahassee rolls his eyes. They continue toward the HOUSE.

70 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 70

TALLAHASSEE walks quietly into the mansion, followed by WICHITA, LITTLE ROCK, and COLUMBUS.

They find themselves in a gorgeous LIVING ROOM. There, spread all around the room, are monuments to the career of a certain iconic Hollywood actor:

POSTERS of 'Raging Bull.' 'Goodfellas.' 'My Cousin Vinny.' *
OSCAR's gold lights the room like a sun. *

TALLAHASSEE *
Welcome to La Casa De Joe Pesci. *

Tallahassee looks OVERWHELMED. He sets down his gun, takes a deep breath, and reverently turns the screw on the famous VICE from 'Casino.' *

TALLAHASSEE *
Scariest. Motherfucker. Ever. *
Confession? 'The Pesh' was my hero. I *
can say that, right? *

WICHITA
You can. You shouldn't...

TALLAHASSEE *
Man taught me to say fuck. 1990. *
'Goodfellas.' I'd said fuck before, but *
never like J.P. I mean, he made fuck *
fuck! Mom wanted to wash my mouth out *
with soap all summer. I was like... *
(does a HORRIBLE Pesci:) *
'Pass the fuckin' mashed potatoes!' And *
'I don't wanna make my fuckin' bed!' *

COLUMBUS *
You were what, twenty-five? *

LITTLE ROCK *
(raises hand) *
And I'm eleven. *

WICHITA *
Yeah. Tone it down. It's offensive. *

TALLAHASSEE *
She's heard the word! *

WICHITA *
Not the word. The impression. Weren't *
you just doing Pesci? *

COLUMBUS *
He was doing Pesci. *
(frowns) *
Or maybe the midget from 'Willow.' *

WICHITA
As long as we're all under this roof, no one's doing Pesci. OK?

TALLAHASSEE
(raises hands... 'fine')
OK.
(sly smile, starts in again)
OK. OK.

WICHITA
Think I'm fuckin' kidding?!
(blinks)
Sorry. Slipped into it.
(darkens)
The following bits are off limits.
Number one. 'The two Utes (youths)...'

TALLAHASSEE
What? Be reasonable!

WICHITA
Number two. 'They fuck you... at the drive-thru.'

TALLAHASSEE
Noooo! C'mon!

WICHITA
(COCKS GUN for threatening effect)
Number three. 'How am I funny?'

TALLAHASSEE
Fuck off! I'd rather just get shot.
(launches into a HORRIBLE Pesci impression:)
'I'm here to make you laugh? How am I funny? How the fuck am I funny? What the fuck is so funny about - ?'

Everyone else just very silently walks out of the room.

TALLAHASSEE
I hate you people.

71 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 71

COLUMBUS, TALLAHASSEE, WICHITA, and LITTLE ROCK search the kitchen. Columbus is holding his own shotgun now. LITTLE ROCK finishes throwing open a series of CUPBOARDS.

LITTLE ROCK
No Twinkies.

TALLAHASSEE
I knew we shoulda gone to Russell Crowe's!

COLUMBUS
(whispers... 'be quiet!')
Hello... 'inside voice!' 'Til we make sure we're alone. Tallahassee, you and Little Rock take upstairs...

72 INT. UPSTAIRS - NIGHT 72 *

TALLAHASSEE and LITTLE ROCK SCOUR the upstairs. MOVIE THEATER. SAUNA. HAIR SALON! This place is UNBELIEVABLE. *

TALLAHASSEE *
Hollywood. *

Tallahassee comes upon a GUEST BEDROOM, flicks the light switch with Pesci's 7 iron, and searches the room. As he leaves, he nearly STEPS ON (but FAILS to NOTICE) a GRIMY HAND protruding from under the bed. *

The hand remains still, and Tallahassee exits into the hall. Little Rock comes out of another bedroom. *

73 INT. GUEST BATHROOM/FOYER - NIGHT 73 *

WICHITA opens a shower door in a guest bathroom, closes her eyes - 'please' - and turns the hot water knob. NO WATER. Inside, she dies a thousand little deaths.

COLUMBUS comes into the foyer from another room. Wichita rejoins him, their search complete. They reach the bottom of the stairs. TALLAHASSEE and LITTLE ROCK appear at the top.

COLUMBUS
All clear?

TALLAHASSEE
Crystal!

74 INT. MASTER SUITE - NIGHT 74

TALLAHASSEE and LITTLE ROCK are in the master suite. Little Rock opens the DVD PLAYER. 'Gone Fishin' sits inside. *

TALLAHASSEE *
(angry) *
C'mon! Seriously?! *

Tallahassee picks up the REMOTE and pushes buttons haplessly. Little Rock impatiently GRABS it and figures it out at once. They sit on the edge of the bed and watch 'Gone Fishin' on the HDTV. *

75 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 75

Downstairs, COLUMBUS and WICHITA find a STEREO and flip it on. Goodfellas' ANTHEM, The ROLLING STONES' 'GIMME SHELTER,' CRANKS from the speakers, startling them. *

COLUMBUS
What were the chances.

WICHITA
Actually probably pretty good.

76 INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT 76

We're back upstairs, where we can hear the music downstairs. Still motionless beneath the bed that Tallahassee forgot to look under... is the HAND. The hand MOVES.

77 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 77

Now decked out in Pesci's black leather JACKET, COLUMBUS looks into a MIRRORED WALL and assumes a subtle intended-to-be-COOL GANGSTER's STANCE. He points his shotgun, lowers it, points it again. *

WICHITA shakes her head and walks toward the stairs. *

78 INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT 78

The BODY under the bed CRAWLS OUT and STANDS UP. We only see the LEGS and bare, blood-spattered FEET. They walk out of the room confidently, IN TIME TO THE MUSIC.

79 INT. STAIRS - NIGHT 79

Wichita's legs/feet reach the top of the stairs and turn RIGHT, heading toward the master. After a few moments of an empty frame, the ZOMBIFIED LEGS/FEET enter from the LEFT and walk DOWN the stairs. Still in time to the beat.

80 INT. MASTER SUITE - NIGHT 80

WICHITA joins TALLAHASSEE and LITTLE ROCK as they watch 'Gone Fishin.' 'Even the fish are laughing!' *

81 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 81

COLUMBUS sets down his shotgun and climbs onto Pesci's PILATES machine. Seconds later, he's bent like a pretzel.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **18. Limber Up.**

Columbus finally manages to wiggle his way out. Exhausted, he rests, cheek to the floor. Then he looks UP, and...

...finds himself staring at TWO FEET. He FREEZES and looks up. We TILT from TOE to HEAD to reveal the one and only...

...JOE PESCI. Pesci looms over Columbus. Zombiefied. Horrifying. Shirtless. With a TOOTHPICK still in his mouth. For so many reasons... Columbus SCREAMS.

82 INT. MASTER SUITE - NIGHT 82

Simultaneously, movie Pesci lets out a SCREAM as he reels in the big fish, masking Columbus's scream. TALLAHASSEE, LITTLE ROCK, and WICHITA are captivated.

83 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 83

Still set to the music, COLUMBUS SPRINTS around the living room with a beyond-rabid PESCI in hot pursuit. It's a totally frenetic CHASE-TO-THE-DEATH. Over counter-tops. Coffee tables.

COLUMBUS
Please! I actually kinda <u>liked</u> you in 'JFK!'

Columbus spies his SHOTGUN on the opposite side of the Pilates machine and beelines for it. He trips on a CABLE and FACE-PLANTS. Pesci falls, too, then reaches out and grabs Columbus's SHOE.

Columbus's shoe SLIPS from Pesci's grasp, but not before it POPS OFF at the HEEL. Columbus scurries away, trying unsuccessfully to stomp his heel back down into the shoe.

Like lightning, Pesci KIPS to his FEET. An awed Columbus hop-stomps toward his gun. Too late. Pesci BULL-RUSHES. Teh two GRAPPLE. Columbus is no match for an enraged Pesci. He is on the verge of being CREAMED when, out of nowhere...

...SHOTGUN SHOTS. BOOM! BOOM!

Pesci stops and looks up to see TALLAHASSEE across the living room, firing into the ceiling.

Tallahassee sets down a shotgun and grabs the famous BASEBALL BAT from 'Casino' off the wall.

WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK reach the top of the stairs behind Tallahassee. He motions for them to stay back, then faces Pesci.

TALLAHASSEE
'Guess what, I'm gonna split your fuckin' head open, 'cause I'm fuckin' stupid. I don't give a fuck about jail, it's my business, that's what I do.'

Everyone in the room, PESCI included, cringes at the impression. Columbus eyes Pesci.

COLUMBUS
The midget from 'Willow,' right?!

Pesci BELLOWS, pushes Columbus away, and SPRINTS across the room toward Tallahassee. Pesci LEAPS FORWARD!

THUNK! Tallahassee makes like A-Rod, SWINGS from the HEELS, and BLASTS Pesci in the chin. Pesci falls BACKWARD.

There is a sickening CRUNCH as the back of Pesci's head SMACKS a CONCRETE PLANTER. Pesci falls instantly still, DEAD.

Columbus picks up the stereo remote and KILLS the MUSIC. Tallahassee discards the bat, walks around Pesci in a semi-circle, and KICKS his corpse.

TALLAHASSEE
That's for 'Jimmy Hollywood!'

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **3. Double Tap.**

Wichita and Little Rock descend the stairs, speechless. Columbus's heel finally PLOPS down into his shoe. He walks over to the others. One by one, they KICK Pesci, once each for a different movie.

WICHITA
That's for 'Home Alone.'

LITTLE ROCK
And '2.'

COLUMBUS
And that's for Michael Jackson's 'Moonwalker.'

Columbus allows himself a little SMILE.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **32. Enjoy the Little Things.**

TALLAHASSEE
Whaddya think? 'Zombie Kill of the Week?'

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Close, but no cigar. Zombie Kill of the Week honors already went out to Ms. Cynthia Knickerbocker of Monroe, Louisiana...

SMASH CUT TO:

84 EXT. SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY - DAY 84

We suddenly find ourselves in a sweet suburban neighborhood.

A seventy-ish woman, CYNTHIA KNICKERBOCKER, drives recklessly into her driveway, SCREAMING. There is a ZOMBIE, ON FIRE FROM HEAD TO TOE, CRAWLING through the SUNROOF of her Chevy Malibu as she drives, trying to BITE her. Its waist and legs PROTRUDE out the top of the car.

Cynthia hits the BUTTON of her GARAGE DOOR REMOTE. The garage DOOR starts to open, slowly rising up. Instead of waiting for the door to rise all the way, Cynthia guns the accelerator. The door CUTS the ZOMBIE in HALF at the waist.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Impressive.

85 EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT 85

With comic difficulty, COLUMBUS and WICHITA try to lift JOE PESCI, now SHROUDED in a sheet, UP and OVER the fence surrounding the compound and into the YARD next door.

COLUMBUS
(straining under the weight)
Actually glad... we're not... at...
Russell Crowe's...

After some slapsticky moments, they finally manage to heave the body over the fence. Pesci's corpse TUMBLES down the slope into the adjacent yard, ROLLING out of its sheet.

COLUMBUS
He deserved better. Wrapping, I mean.

The two can't help but LAUGH. Columbus looks buoyed. It's an adrenaline rush to make Wichita smile.

COLUMBUS
Purell?

WICHITA
Please.

Columbus SQUIRTS some Purell into her PALM.

COLUMBUS
Think Sigourney Weaver will get pissed when she finds Joe Pesci in her yard? *

WICHITA
Ripley can deal.

DISSOLVE TO: *

86 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 86

WICHITA, COLUMBUS, TALLAHASSEE, and LITTLE ROCK sit on the living room floor, propped up on some cushions. Behind them is a huge OIL PAINTING of Pesci bare-backing a HORSE. * *

Tallahassee is wearing Vinny Gambini's maroon tux from 'My Cousin Vinny.' Wichita is smoking a STOGIE. Little Rock is decked out in a heavy GOLD CHAIN. Columbus wears Pesci's FEDORA.

Tallahassee eats from a CAN of BEETS, chasing each brutal bite with a swig from a BOTTLE of JACK.

LITTLE ROCK
When your tongue says 'beets,' make your brain hear 'Twinkies!'

COLUMBUS
And when your tongue and brain are done fooling each other, deposit two large into the Bank of Columbus. Thanks so much. Enjoy your stay.

TALLAHASSEE
One guess where I'm gonna shove that thimble.

Tallahassee peels off twenty HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS and THROWS them at Columbus. CUT to REVEAL they're playing a GAME of MONOPOLY, with REAL U.S. CURRENCY. Tallahassee's piece - the DOG - sits on Boardwalk. He tilts it to one side.

TALLAHASSEE
That's me taking a piss on your hotel. I can't hit Luxury Tax once or fucking twice?!

Wichita rolls the DICE. She lands on FREE PARKING and collects the PILE of BILLS there.

WICHITA
Free Parking! Which is also the best thing about Zombieland.

COLUMBUS
(thinks)
Best thing about Z-land..?
(brightens)
No more online winks from single women over forty.

LITTLE ROCK
No more detention after school.
(realizes)
No more school!

TALLAHASSEE
How 'bout no more flushing? Epic.

COLUMBUS
Um. What?

LITTLE ROCK
Seriously. Flush.

Wichita shivers the thought away.

WICHITA
And worst thing about Z-land?

TALLAHASSEE
Losing Buck.

COLUMBUS
(to Wichita and Little Rock, by way of explanation)
His puppy.

WICHITA
(points to Tallahassee's monopoly piece)
That why the dog? I woulda thought the cannon.
(winces, was that insensitive?)
Sorry.

LITTLE ROCK
(can't let it go, to Tallahassee)
So you're not a flusher.

TALLAHASSEE
(far off look)
Never thought I could love anything like Buck. Day he was born, I lost my mind.

WICHITA
(genuine)
Really. Sorry.

TALLAHASSEE
We were two peas. He had my personality. My laugh. My appetite...

Columbus is nodding as he listens, then suddenly stops.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
'Laugh?'

His expression freezes with recognition.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
And that's when it hit me. I felt so ashamed. That it had taken me this long. Me, with the best cardio in the business, to realize: I wasn't the only one <u>running</u> from something...

Columbus looks sympathetically at TALLAHASSEE, who's got mist in his eyes.

COLUMBUS
(almost whispered)
We still talking about a dog?

Tallahassee's face reveals untold pain...

SMASH CUT TO:

87 INT. KITCHEN/BATHROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK 87

We see TALLAHASSEE, pre-Zombieland, cooking PANCAKES. It's the SAME flashback from earlier, only Tallahassee isn't cooking for a dog, but a BOY. His SON BUCK. Two years old. Blond hair. Sporting a Dallas Cowboys' TONY DORSETT jersey.

We see a series of quick FLASHES: the same scenes we saw earlier, only now with the BOY instead of the dog...

Tallahassee WATCHING his SON gobble pancakes...

Tallahassee scrubbing Buck in the TUB...

Tallahassee ESKIMO-KISSING Buck and blowing RASPBERRIES on his BELLY...

Tallahassee spinning the sign. Buck strapped to his chest in a BABY BJORN. *

SMASH CUT BACK TO: *

88 INT. MASTER SUITE - NIGHT 88

TALLAHASSEE turns to meet COLUMBUS's stare.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Take away a man's son, you've truly given him nothing left to lose.

A tear trickles down Tallahassee's cheek. He hands over his WALLET. Columbus, WICHITA, and LITTLE ROCK look at cute wallet PHOTOS of Tallahassee's boy.

Columbus puts a hand on Tallahassee's SHOULDER. Wichita sees. *

TALLAHASSEE
Fucking A. Haven't cried like that since Nicky Santoro died in his tighty whities. *

Tallahassee tries to laugh, but the effort's still too great. He thumbs away another tear.

DISSOLVE TO:

89 EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT 89

In close-up, we see a Chicago Film Critics Association Award belonging to Pesci. BANG! It flies out of frame. We pan to see Pesci's Most Outstanding Newcomer BAFTA, for 'Raging Bull.' BANG! It caroms away. Next, Pesci's American Comedy Award. We cut to REVEAL... * * * * * *

...TALLAHASSEE, prone on the grass ACROSS the back yard, taking TARGET PRACTICE with a RIFLE. Another RIFLE lies next to him. He has lined up all sorts of awards on the FENCE of the COMPOUND. * * * * *

BANG! The American Comedy Award flies off the fence. Then LITTLE ROCK crawls into frame next to Tallahassee, also on her belly. He eyes her, slightly dismissive, and SHOOTS again. BANG! * * * *

Little Rock picks up the other rifle and AIMS at the piece de resistance: PESCI'S GOLDEN ACADEMY AWARD for 'GOODFELLAS.' BANG! BANG! BANG! Three MISSES. She looks at Tallahassee. Little help? He gives her a can't-be-bothered-look, then spies the placement of her elbow. He moves his OWN elbow outward to show her the proper position.

Little Rock MIMICS Tallahassee. Next, he sees her hand out of place. He moves his hand. She does the same.

What follows is a poignant pantomime, Tallahassee demonstrating, Little Rock dutifully copying. Cheek against the stock. Knuckle crease on the trigger. Close one eye...

At last, it's time: Little Rock FIRES AGAIN. MISSES AGAIN. Tallahassee frowns, then realizes:

TALLAHASSEE
Hold your breath.

Little Rock INHALES. HOLDS. And FIRES. The OSCAR goes FLYING! The subtlest smile appears on Tallahassee's face. It quickly disappears when Little Rock glances his way. Her own smile vanishes just as fast. All business again.

LITTLE ROCK
Thanks.

TALLAHASSEE
Don't mention it.

BANG! BANG! BANG! The shots echo through the night.

89A INT. FOYER - NIGHT 89A

WICHITA enters the foyer, where she spies COLUMBUS admiring the ARTWORK in Pesci's front hall. He hasn't noticed her yet, so she stands and watches him for a moment. He can't help but STRAIGHTEN a couple PAINTINGS. Wichita rolls her eyes and smiles: Ridiculous, but endearing.

WICHITA
Yo, Ohio. Check this out.

Columbus points to himself: 'Me?' Wichita holds up an UNCORKED, already HALF-EMPTY bottle of wine, shows off the label like Vanna White showing off a new vowel, and takes a SWIG. Then wags her head: 'Follow me.' When he doesn't immediately follow:

WICHITA
Don't make me drink alone!

90 INT. WINE CELLAR - NIGHT 90

WICHITA and COLUMBUS are in Pesci's WINE CELLAR. Wichita sits against the wall opposite the wine racks, surrounded by a forest of OPENED BOTTLES, some with LIT CANDLES in their necks. *

Columbus is going through UNOPENED bottles, handing them to Wichita. A little BOOM BOX against the wall plays WILLIE NELSON'S 'BLUE EYES CRYING IN THE RAIN.'

COLUMBUS
How 'bout a... '97 Harlan Estate red?

WICHITA
(very tipsy)
Oo... '97!

COLUMBUS
Good year?

WICHITA
(uncorks the bottle, swigs)
Great year. First R-rated movie. 'Anaconda.' First tattoo. Porpoise. Fake. First kiss. Scotty Lynch.

Columbus sits down next to her.

COLUMBUS
Tongue?

WICHITA
Maybe. Jealous of Scotty Lynch?

COLUMBUS
More like jealous of your '97. Um. First orthodontist. Headgear. First wedgie. Atomic. First eighth grade dance. 'Sadie Hawkins' style - girls' choice.

WICHITA
(off Columbus's look)
Omigod. No one chose you?! Bitches.
(offers her hand)
On behalf of all the eighth grade girls, I'd like to make it up to you.
(off Columbus's hesitation)
Relax.
(whispers)
Scotty had ringworm.

Wichita pulls Columbus to his feet. His eyes WIDEN as he suddenly spots his own fly down. He quickly, subtly zips up. She's too buzzed to notice.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **33. XYZPDQ**

Wichita and Columbus take each other into their arms. And slow-dance. At first a bit formally, stiffly. Then slowly closer, more intimately.

What starts as a drunk lark actually becomes romantic. Their fingers interlace. Her off hand plays with the hair on his neck, then slips into his back pants pocket. They hold each other closer, chest to chest. Columbus closes his eyes and smells her hair. It's a stolen moment in a lost world.

WICHITA
(sotto voce)
Between you, me, and the 'Pesh,' you're actually kinda cute.

Columbus backs out of the clench to look at her.

COLUMBUS
Really?

WICHITA
I mean, ya got the guts of a guppy. But I could hit that.

COLUMBUS
Really.

WICHITA
Or at least give ya the intentional walk to first.

Columbus's and Wichita's faces are only a foot apart. He desperately wants to kiss her. And she actually wants him to kiss her.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Even in a world of zombies, I'd never, ever been more afraid. I'd traveled hundreds of miles. But none as far as this final foot.

Wichita waits for Columbus to cross that last foot and kiss her. But he's just too painfully paralyzed. Worse, TALLAHASSEE pokes his head into the cellar:

TALLAHASSEE
Little help moving a couch?

Tallahassee pops out. Pops back in.

TALLAHASSEE
Making a fort.

Tallahassee disappears again. Just like that, the song ends. Wichita totally drops out of the moment. And Columbus knows it's too late.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
If anyone gets a clean shot, take me out.

WICHITA
Probably for the best. I like you, Columbus. But my sister and I are gonna do whatever we need to survive. Really sorry, but beyond a day? Maybe two? I don't see us needing you.

Columbus is staring reality square in the face. He looks defeated, depressed... but RESIGNED.

DISSOLVE TO:

90A EXT. PESCI COMPOUND - AFTERNOON 90A

The SUN is high in the Beverly Hills sky, as evidenced by the brightly SHINY toppled OSCAR in Pesci's backyard.

91 INT. MASTER SUITE - AFTERNOON 91

The sun glints off the Oscar and into Pesci's master suite - a laser strike on COLUMBUS. He and TALLAHASSEE are sprawled on the floor by a couch, each wrapped in a separate BLANKET, a makeshift FORT of sheets and cushions extended over them.

LITTLE ROCK is snoring on Pesci's KING BED. WICHITA is nowhere to be seen. COLUMBUS stirs awake.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
There are two moments familiar to anyone who's lived in Zombieland: the moment you wake up, right before you remember about zombies.

Columbus opens his eyes, obliviously content.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
And then the moment you remember.

Columbus's expression grows anxious. He takes a deep breath, then stands to face the day.

The fort COLLAPSES on Tallahassee, who DOESN'T BUDGE. Columbus walks to the window, pausing to look at his grimy reflection in the glass. *

We RACK FOCUS to the BACK YARD. WICHITA is finishing rolling a big EMERGENCY WATER DRUM - one of the staples of Earthquake-prepared Los Angeles - to the edge of Pesci's EMPTY POOL. *

92 EXT. BACK YARD - AFTERNOON 92

Wichita hops INTO the dry pool and uses a CHISEL to punch a hole in the drum. She inserts a piece of HOSE into the hole, TAPES it tight with DUCT TAPE, and KINKS it. She UNKINKS the hose. Water SPILLS OUT onto her hand. Crystal clear.

Wichita KINKS the hose again in time for COLUMBUS and LITTLE ROCK to join her outside.

WICHITA
Afternoon, sleeping beauties. Shower?

LITTLE ROCK
Nuh-uh!

Wichita sets up a SHINY REFLECTIVE CAR WINDSHIELD COVER around the drum and lays out some SOAP and SHAMPOO.

WICHITA
We'll let the sun heat the water. Meantime, help me make breakfast. Er, lunch.
(pauses)
What's wrong?

LITTLE ROCK
(giddy)
I love you very much.

WICHITA
Society? Collapsed. Population? Destroyed. Hair? Bouncy.

93 INT. KITCHEN/PANTRY - AFTERNOON 93

COLUMBUS, WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK go through the last few cans in a very sparse pantry.

WICHITA
Hearts of palm and chicken stock casserole?

COLUMBUS AND LITTLE ROCK
Ew.

94 EXT. BACK YARD - AFTERNOON 94

Now TALLAHASSEE saunters into the yard, yawning, rubbing crumbs from his eyes. He stops. Frowns. Puts on his GLASSES. Spies the jury-rigged SHOWER by the pool.

CUT TO:

94A EXT. BACKYARD/POOL - DAY 94A

Tallahassee, now standing in the pool, NAKED, under the hose, letting the water POUR all over him. He luxuriates in it, picks up the SOAP, SCRUB-A-DUB-DUBS...

Next he starts GARGLING with the water... SPRAYING it out of his mouth like a GARGOYLE... vigorously SLAPPING his CHEST. Then SHAMPOOING... reaching for the shampoo bottle AGAIN...

TALLAHASSEE
Lather... rinse... repeat...
(sings from the old ad)
Gonna wash that gray right outta my hair!

95 INT. PANTRY - AFTERNOON 95

WICHITA, LITTLE ROCK, and COLUMBUS stop what they're doing and LISTEN to the sound of Tallahassee's distant SINGING. They look at one another, PUZZLED.

96 EXT. BACK YARD - AFTERNOON 96

We're on TALLAHASSEE in medium shot, back turned to the house, still showering, when we see three blurry FIGURES enter the frame BEHIND him. He kneads his muscles, tosses back his head like a supermodel, then freezes.

We RACK FOCUS to WICHITA, LITTLE ROCK, and COLUMBUS standing, watching. Tallahassee turns around and faces them.

TALLAHASSEE
Come on in! The water's...

The shower suddenly SLOWS to a TRICKLE. Tallahassee frowns.

TALLAHASSEE
...fine?

Tallahassee checks the hose, which has begun merely to DRIP. Could it be? He bangs on the tub. The water is GONE!

We pan slowly from Columbus to Wichita to Little Rock... each looking grimier than the one before... each looking more MURDEROUS than the one before. Tallahassee's gaze narrows.

TALLAHASSEE
That's my bad right there.

SMASH CUT TO:

97 EXT. DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON 97

The HUMMER literally BURNS RUBBER as it LAUNCHES out of Pesci's driveway and out the front gate, leaving TALLAHASSEE and COLUMBUS BEHIND yet AGAIN. *

The gate closes. The guys watch the GIRLS drive off in silence. Tallahassee knocks water out of his ear. Columbus slowly turns to stare daggers into him.

TALLAHASSEE
I'm just as disappointed as you are.

98 EXT./INT. BEVERLY HILLS/HUMMER - AFTERNOON 98

WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK drive through Beverly Hills. Little Rock looks over her shoulder, then forward glumly.

WICHITA
Say it with me...

WICHITA AND LITTLE ROCK
Screw 'em.

99 EXT. 101 FREEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON 99 *

WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK drive through the San Fernando Valley, negotiating their way past left-over vehicles on the 101. * * *

100 INT./EXT. HUMMER/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - SUNSET 100 *

The SUN SETS over the SAN FERNANDO VALLEY. WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK crest a ridge and finally see... spread out in a suburban valley... the MAJESTIC MOUNTAIN AMUSEMENT PARK. * * *

Not exactly Disneyland. But it's got its charms. Quaint streets. Big rides. Wichita uses a pair of BINOCULARS and scans the park. Not a zombie in sight.

WICHITA
(a la Disneyland's Super Bowl ads)
You've just survived a bunch of vicious, vomiting monsters! Where you gonna go?

LITTLE ROCK *
I'm going to Majestic Mountain! *

101 INT./EXT. HUMMER/MAJESTIC MOUNTAIN FRONT GATES - DUSK 101 *

WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK drive to the front gate, GUNS READY. The gate is LOCKED. The park looks deserted, PRISTINE.

Wichita flips on the Hummer's HEADLIGHTS and HONKS the horn repeatedly. Nothing. She puts the Hummer in gear and pushes it against the FRONT GATE until the lock BUSTS.

ANGLE ON: *

101A EXT. KIDDIE LAND 101A *

WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK driving through the park... slowly, cautiously, systematically... BLINKING the LIGHTS and HONKING like crazy to attract attention. Not a ZOMBIE ANYWHERE. At last, Wichita PARKS the Hummer with a SMILE.

WICHITA
Toldja.

102 INT. PARK POWER PLANT - NIGHT 102

WICHITA throws a series of BIG ELECTRICAL SWITCHES in the PARK POWER PLANT.

103 EXT. MAJESTIC MOUNTAIN - NIGHT 103

LITTLE ROCK WATCHES as the LIGHTS and RIDES come on all over the park. It's a RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE for her. The entire place comes to BRILLIANT LIFE, one ride at a time. But...

104 EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - NIGHT 104 *

We're in the distant CITY HILLS above the park. The lights look gorgeous from afar. But the camera pulls BACK to reveal that it has attracted the attention of a curious ZOMBIE.

CUT TO: *

105 EXT. TACO STAND/VIDEO STORE/CAR WASH 105

THREE SHOTS of ZOMBIES in nearby areas: a TACO STAND... a VIDEO STORE... a CAR WASH... each looking at the distant AMUSEMENT PARK. They're attracted by the light like MOTHS. One by one, they SET OFF in the direction of the PARK.

106 EXT. MAJESTIC MOUNTAIN - NIGHT 106 *

In a short MONTAGE, LITTLE ROCK sheds her hardened edge and * actually experiences what it feels like to be a little girl * again. *

A steadicam tracks her as she SKIPS through the colorful rides, happy as can be. *

We see WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK on the RING AROUND THE ROSIE, which isn't nearly as impressive as Little Rock remembered. *

WICHITA *
Fun as you remember? *

LITTLE ROCK *
Columbus puked on this?! *

Little Rock tries to throw RINGS onto the NECKS of BOTTLES on the MIDWAY. She demonstrates complete FUTILITY, narrows her gaze, SLAMS a RING onto a BOTTLE with her hand, and GRABS a big STUFFED DOG. *

It's a dream come true. Wichita and Little Rock have an entire amusement park to themselves. Well, <u>almost</u> to themselves... *

107 EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - NIGHT 107 *

An extreme aerial shot of the park reveals over a HUNDRED ZOMBIES converging on the grounds from every direction.

108 EXT. PIRATE SHIP - NIGHT 108

WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK (now holding the huge STUFFED DOG and a LOLLIPOP along with her SHOTGUN) reach the PIRATE SHIP RIDE. They pull a lever to set it into motion and jump on board. The huge ship SWINGS back and forth like a pendulum.

109 EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - NIGHT 109 *

The ZOMBIES RUN like HELL toward the PARK.

110 EXT. PIRATE SHIP - NIGHT 110

The PIRATE SHIP nears its highest point. WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK sit in front, facing the middle, ALL SMILES, until they turn AROUND to look out over the BOW.

Their P.O.V. rises to the HORIZON, where they SEE, for one creepy, fleeting moment, a WAVE of ZOMBIES running toward the park. Little Rock and Wichita clamber to the side of the ship and see, in surrealistic, tilting fashion, HORDES of ZOMBIES.

Little Rock drops her LOLLIPOP and STUFFED DOG, which slide across the floor of the swinging ship into CAMERA.

SMASH CUT TO:

111 INT. FOYER - NIGHT 111

TALLAHASSEE and COLUMBUS are in Pesci's foyer, preparing for their departure, PACKING UP various odds and ends. *

Columbus is moping, shoulders slumped, as he boxes up the PRACTICAL: DUCT TAPE, BATTERIES, a FIRST AID KIT...

Conversely, Tallahassee's spoils are ridiculously IMPRACTICAL... a SURFBOARD, one of those BATTING HELMETS with the two CUP-HOLDERS and SILLY STRAWS attached to the sides, a SNOW CONE MACHINE...

TALLAHASSEE
It's why I don't let people close. You only get burned.

COLUMBUS
Y'don't say.

TALLAHASSEE
Let's deep-six Majestic Mountain. Know what they call Twinkies in Mexico? Los Submarinos. Want in?

COLUMBUS
(beyond even caring)
Whatever.
(a beat, blinks)
Really gonna need the snow cone machine?

SMASH CUT BACK TO: *

112 EXT. MAJESTIC MOUNTAIN - NIGHT 112 *

ZOMBIES pour through the front gate and CLIMB the FENCES around the park, dropping onto the premises.

We track WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK as they run to the HUMMER, clamber in, and fire it up. Instantly, there are zombies everywhere. Litte Rock SCREAMS as a TEENAGE ZOMBIE smashes THROUGH the passenger window. * * * *

Suddenly, there are zombies on the roof, windshield, hood, EVERYWHERE, and more fast approaching. Wichita hits the gas, and the Hummer SCREAMS down the colorfully lit thoroughfare. Little Rock KICKS the teenage zombie in the face. It falls out the window, but not before taking her SHOE with it. * * * * * *

The Hummber outdistances the masses, but a HALF DOZEN ZOMBIES still cling to the truck. Zombies BLOCK Wichita's VIEW. * *

Wichita peers under a zombie ARMPIT and spies a giant LAKE looming in the middle of the park. Her eyes light up.

Wichita AIMS the truck for the lake. She HURLS her shotgun out the WINDOW, then grabs Little Rock's gun and CHUCKS it, too. Little Rock stares: 'You don't mean?!' Wichita NODS.

WICHITA
Count of three: One, two...

The girls lock eyes, knowing they have no alternative.

WICHITA
...three!

Just as the Hummer reaches the lake, the girls DIVE out either side and ROLL. The Hummer BLASTS through a carnival game, zombies and all, and lands in the lake with a MAMMOTH SPLASH, AIRBAGS DEPLOYING.

The girls roll to safety and retrieve their guns just as the larger HERD of zombies bears down on them.

Like two shepherds being herded by their flock instead of the other way around, Wichita and Little Rock sprint away. They are CHASED point-blank by zombies. Wichita manages to shoot ONE. TWO. Little Rock frantically looks for any possible escape. She GRABS Wichita's arm and points:

LITTLE ROCK
There!

We TILT UP to reveal a giant TOWER, the BLAST-OFF, rising towards the heavens. The Blast-Off is the tallest ride in the park - a ten-story tower encircled by a RING of SEATS that rockets you to the top, then lowers you back down to the launch platform, only to blast you off again.

Wichita and Little Rock sprint to the entrance of the Blast-Off. They WHIP through the turnstiles and reach the platform. The ZOMBIE closest behind isn't so bright and gets caught at the HIPS by the turnstile, SOMERSAULTING over it. The others get caught up as well, but quickly swarm past.

Wichita hits the BUTTON that starts the ride, and she and Little Rock JUMP onto the ring of seats. In the nick of time, just as the zombies are GRABBING at them, the ring ROCKET them to the TOP of the tower.

Wichita and Little Rock gasp for breath, desperately relieved. From their vantage point at the top, they can see at least a HUNDRED ZOMBIES converging on the base of the tower.

Just as they are about to relax, they realize what is about to happen: the ring lowers slowly back to the BOTTOM!

The zombies look up with bated breath, aware that their prey is being slowly delivered to them. As the ring finally reaches ground level, the zombies try to CLAMBER on again. Little Rock BLASTS a zombie, then kicks wildly as a zombie grabs hold of her FOOT and goes to BITE it. She SCREAMS.

Just as the scream emerges from her mouth, the ride once again violently SHOOTS the girls skyward, taking the zombie with them. It loses his grip due to the G-Force and FLIES to the heavens, along with Little Rock's other SHOE.

The ring is about to descend again. Little Rock is suddenly STRUCK by an IDEA.

Little Rock aims her shotgun OVER THE EDGE of the ring at the BUTTON below. Her first shot MISSES. Her second shot is BLOCKED by a curious zombie who leans over and looks up at the EXACT WRONG MOMENT. Wichita grabs Little Rock's COLLAR.

Will the third time be the charm? LITTLE ROCK ASSUMES THE EXACT FIRING POSITION TALLAHASSEE TAUGHT HER, then HOLDS HER BREATH, and SHOOTS.

Little Rock's THIRD SHOT hits the mark! The button SHORTS OUT, and the ride SHUTS DOWN. The ring is now safely FROZEN at the TOP of the TOWER. The girls collapse into two seats.

LITTLE ROCK
Not as fun as I remember.

113 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT 113

TALLAHASSEE, holding a couple sets of CAR KEYS, tours Pesci's garage. There sits a black YUKON DENALI SUV. He unlocks it and lights up at the sight of a BUTTON on the DASH. He jabs the button and waits.

DETROIT (V.O.)
On-Star, how can I help you... Mr... Pesci?

TALLAHASSEE
(again, bad impression)
Bing, bang, bing, baby.

DETROIT (V.O.)
Thought we'd been through this, Mr. Pesci. One more inappropriate pass, I lock you out of your car. Again.

CLICK. Detroit HANGS UP. A highly gratified TALLAHASSEE sticks his head out the window and YELLS for COLUMBUS to hear:

TALLAHASSEE
Stick it up your ass, she thought I was Pesci!

Tallahassee hits the button several more times. At last...

DETROIT (V.O.)
(dispensing with politeness)
I told you..!

TALLAHASSEE
Detroit, it's me! Tallahassee! You don't hafta worry about Pesci any more!
(a moment of silence)
He's Sigourney Weaver's problem now.

DETROIT (V.O.)
Tallie, sweetheart! Praise Jesus. Been worried about ya! You guys OK? The Hummer's totaled!

CUT TO:

114 INT. FOYER - NIGHT 114

COLUMBUS and TALLAHASSEE ARGUE in the FOYER. Columbus is clearly DEVASTATED by the news about the Hummer.

COLUMBUS
But we have to try to help! Crumple zone alert, airbags deployed?!

TALLAHASSEE
Haven't you read 'She's Just Not That Into You?' Don't make yourself too available.

COLUMBUS
They need us!

TALLAHASSEE
Shoulda thought of that before they peeled outta here. They're on their own.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
I'm about to strangle this horse's ass. But maybe, just maybe, he's giving me something more important than a helping hand...

115 EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT 115 *

COLUMBUS (V.O.) *
...a second chance. *

The STONES' 'GIMME SHELTER' kicks in again. PESCI'S GARAGE DOOR opens, REVEALING, from toe to head... * *

...COLUMBUS, mounted on Pesci's HARLEY DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLE. Columbus couldn't be more full of himself. Looking like a bad-ass. FEELING like a bad-ass. His SUITCASE and SHOTGUN are strapped to the back. Pesci's HELMET sits on his HEAD. *

TALLAHASSEE stands watching this spectacle. He can only shake his head.

TALLAHASSEE
I'm no good at farewells, so...
(stumped)
...that'll do, pig.

COLUMBUS
That's the worst goodbye I've ever heard! And you stole it from a movie.

TALLAHASSEE
Totally embarrassing. Give my best to the ladies.

COLUMBUS
<u>Their</u> pictures were once in someone's wallet, too.

That one hits Tallahassee pretty hard.

Columbus IGNITES the engine, which ROARS to life. He pulls out of the garage and onto the driveway, where he GUNS the CHOPPER. He accelerates confidently, then wobbles LEFT, RIGHT, and TOPPLES ignominiously into a TREE.

The 'Stones' stop cold as Columbus HITS the DECK, his fall cushioned only by his suitcase. He finally comes to, the world swimming into focus. He sees stars, the moon, and:

HEADLIGHTS? That's right. The DENALI has pulled out of the garage. The window rolls down. Columbus finds himself staring at a familiar mug.

TALLAHASSEE
Get in, you skinny little douche.

116 OMITTED 116 *

117 EXT. BLAST-OFF - NIGHT 117 *

WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK are perched high atop the BLAST-OFF, still staring hopelessly at the ZOMBIES below. It's getting... *

WICHITA *
Cold? *

LITTLE ROCK *
(trying to show no fear) *
Nah. *
(looks down) *
How long before..? *

WICHITA *
We climb down? *

LITTLE ROCK *
(shakes head) *
They climb up. *

Wichita stares. She's always provided every answer for Little Rock, but now she's at a complete LOSS. And trying hard not to show her encroaching FEAR. For once, it's Little Rock who comforts her older sister: *

LITTLE ROCK *
You'll think of something. You always think of something. *

Little Rock takes Wichita's hand and SQUEEZES it TIGHT. *

117A EXT. 101 FREEWAY - NIGHT 117A *

The DENALI ZOOMS NORTH on the 101 FREEWAY, another big WHITE NUMBER '3' scrawled on both sides and the hood. TALLAHASSEE drives. COLUMBUS sits in the passenger seat.

117B EXT./INT. MAJESTIC MOUNTAIN / DENALI - NIGHT 117B *

The sky over Majestic Mountain is smeared with stars. The DENALI pulls up to the edge of the parking lot... with a wide view of Majestic Mountain... which is absolutely CRAWLING with ZOMBIES. *

TALLAHASSEE *
Columbus. *

COLUMBUS *
Tallahassee? *

TALLAHASSEE
This time. They may actually require our assistance.

Columbus manages a terrified NOD. Tallahassee grabs his DUFFEL BAG, which he places on his LAP.

TALLAHASSEE
I like my chances. You... probably won't survive the next ten minutes.

COLUMBUS
I'm so scared, I'm about to shit my pants. For which there's precedent.

TALLAHASSEE
Remember: She's just not that into you.

COLUMBUS
I aim to change that.

TALLAHASSEE
I aim to help.

Tallahassee opens the duffel and views the ASSORTED GUNS inside. He shivers with anticipatory energy.

TALLAHASSEE
Buckle up.

COLUMBUS
Way ahead of you.

Tallahassee goes to PUNCH Columbus in the ARM hard, but slows down at the last second, barely TAPPING him.

We're poised for the greatest orgy of gun-powder in zombie history. The engine RUMBLES...

Tallahassee turns ON the STEREO. There's only one SONG in the world that could accompany what's about to go down:

CYPRESS HILL'S '(ROCK) SUPERSTAR.'

The equalizer starts to JUMP. The song begins its BUILD. We're getting ready for some violence:

Columbus LIMBERS UP his triceps. Tallahassee REVS the ACCELERATOR. The ENGINE GROWLS behind the GRILLE. One of the MANY ZOMBIES looks up to locate the source of the ENGINE.

Tallahassee pulls the GEAR SHIFT from 'P' to 'N' to 'D.' Columbus grabs the JESUS STRIP (that little handle above the car door). The back tires SPIN, throwing off BLUE SMOKE. The DENALI BUCKS and GALLOPS toward the park...

117C EXT./INT. MAJESTIC MOUNTAIN PARKING LOT / DENALI - NIGHT 117C *

The Denali RIPS through the extremely long parking lot on its approach to the park. COLUMBUS is trying to be brave. *

TALLAHASSEE
Almost forgot...

TALLAHASSEE reaches up and hits the ON-STAR BUTTON again.

DETROIT (V.O.)
On-Star. How can I help you?

TALLAHASSEE
Detroit, Tallahassee. About to nut up or shut up.

DETROIT (V.O.)
No way I can talk you out of it?

TALLAHASSEE
Nah. But if we go dark, send a posse.

DETROIT (V.O.)
You realize I have, like, five total clients.

TALLAHASSEE
Six if Columbus makes it through.

DETROIT (V.O.)
The nearest friendly car is in... Provo, Utah, so don't expect a rescue party.
(repeats her signature line)
Good luck. God bless.
(pause)
And thank you for using On-Star...

CLICK.

COLUMBUS
Can we go back to the part where I don't survive the next ten minutes?

Tallahassee smirks and flips up the truck's visor.

TALLAHASSEE
Gonna be a hairy ten minutes.

The Denali SLAMS through the park entrance. The truck takes a HARD RIGHT and whips out of sight.

118 EXT. BLAST-OFF - NIGHT 118 *

Above, WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK watch with amazement.

WICHITA
He's dumber than I thought.

119 EXT./INT. MAJESTIC MOUNTAIN / DENALI - NIGHT 119 *

All the ZOMBIES perk up, drawn to the noise. TALLAHASSEE drives with one hand, faster, FASTER. The SUV catches air as it flies over two BRIDGES, fast approaching the rides. *

Zombies are quickly abandoning the base of the Blast-Off. * The first SEVEN are already nearing the truck. Tallahassee * aims just to the RIGHT of the cluster.

The zombies BAIL OUT to the LEFT. Will Tallahassee MISS? At the last moment, he PULLS the EMERGENCY BRAKE and YANKS the WHEEL to the RIGHT. The SUV's back end SKIDS to the LEFT.

It's that classic ROCKFORD FILES 180 DEGREE TURN. The zombies are still BAILING LEFT when the BACK END of the DENALI SWINGS the REST of the way around, SWATTING them down. BANG-BANG-BANG, they DROP like BOWLING PINS.

Tallahassee completes the maneuver, sliding backwards past the tangled MESS of FALLEN ZOMBIES. Columbus is awestruck.

Tallahassee hits the FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE button. Then drives OVER the zombies as if they were SPEED-BUMPS. Then finds REVERSE and BACKS OVER them again.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **3. Double Tap.**

COLUMBUS looks out the window, majorly impressed.

COLUMBUS *
It's a pleasure watching you work. *

More zombies CONVERGE on the Denali. Tallahassee starts RUNNING THEM OVER. SQUEAL-BAM-SQUISH-THUMP-THUMP.

COLUMBUS
If you don't mind... how'd you become such a, uh...

TALLAHASSEE
...pro? My Mom used to tell me: Don't worry; someday you'll be good at something.

120 EXT./INT. MAJESTIC MOUNTAIN / DENALI 120 *

As the Denali picks up speed again, it rounds a corner and reaches the LAKE, where the park really opens up. TALLAHASSEE and COLUMBUS spot the headlights of the Hummer, SHINING through water. *

Tallahassee pulls up to the wrecked carnival game, and Columbus quickly jumps out to inspect the scene. Behind him, Tallahassee readies himself for a FIGHT, strapping on his DUFFEL BAG like Arnold in 'Commando.' *

Columbus reaches the lake. From his P.O.V., we see the Hummer FOUR FEET DEEP in the water, two decapitated zombies floating nearby. Columbus looks HEARTBROKEN, assuming that the girls have met their fate. He takes a half-step backwards, breathing hard... only to COCK his HEAD slightly... *

Is that the sound of distant VOICES? Columbus frowns, and we RACK FOCUS to the BLAST-OFF perched far behind his head, with the GIRLS frantically YELLING and WAVING on top. Columbus slowly turns around to look, his face re-enlivened with JOY and HOPE. *

121 EXT. - BLAST OFF - NIGHT 121 *

From above, WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK yell and wave like crazy. *

To the girls' chagrin, three ZOMBIES have heeded their calls quicker than COLUMBUS and TALLAHASSEE. The three zombies start to CLIMB the tower of the Blast-Off! *

122 EXT. MAJESTIC MOUNTAIN - NIGHT 122 *

TALLAHASSEE and COLUMBUS stare at the BLAST-OFF, and more particularly, at the THREE ZOMBIES CLIMBING after WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK. Columbus wants to help, but he's PARALYZED. *

TALLAHASSEE
Whatcha waiting for?! That's your gal!

COLUMBUS
I'll never make it!

TALLAHASSEE
You're forgetting.
(off Columbus's quizzical look)
Your wingman.

Tallahassee SMILES and yanks one last thing from his DUFFEL:

An AIR-HORN. He runs into the street and BLASTS it three times. Every nearby ZOMBIE stops and turns to look.

Tallahassee throws back his shoulders and BEATS his CHEST and HOLLERS like TARZAN. The zombies hesitate... unsure what to make of this guy. Then all at once...

...they CHARGE. Tallahassee locks eyes with Columbus and wags his head in the direction of Wichita and Little Rock.

TALLAHASSEE
Go!

Tallahassee grabs his DUFFEL and RUNS in the OPPOSITE DIRECTION, WAVING his ARMS over his head and HOLLERING to get every zombie left in the park to CHASE him.

COLUMBUS
(in awe at the sacrifice)
Holy shit.

COLUMBUS sees his opportunity and bolts for the BLAST-OFF. * Tallahassee's distraction works. Sort of. SIX ZOMBIES peel off from the main body... and follow COLUMBUS...

COLUMBUS
(rolls eyes)
Holy shit.

123 EXT. BLAST OFF - NIGHT 123 *

WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK circle the ring of seats, trying to get a clean look at the THREE ZOMBIES climbing to meet them.

124 EXT. MAJESTIC MOUNTAIN - NIGHT 124 *

TALLAHASSEE leads the crowd of ZOMBIES through a brightly lit * area on the far side of the lake. He hops a fence into a * ride called THE AVIATOR: planes suspended from a central * WHEEL that's already SPINNING. *

Tallahassee grabs hold of the bottom of one of the planes and * spins counterclockwise to the approaching zombies. He hangs * by one arm, Steyr AUG in the other, and MOWS DOWN the zombies * as he rotates. *

Once Tallahassee completes a half rotation, he jumps off and summons the remaining zombies with a big whistle. The zombies CHARGE. *

125 EXT. MAJESTIC MOUNTAIN - NIGHT 125 *

COLUMBUS is getting run down by his SIX ZOMBIES. He runs past a building, only to be CORNERED and forced toward the ENTRANCE. He looks up to discover that it isn't just any building, but Majestic Mountain's HAUNTED HOUSE. *

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Really, <u>really</u> ironic.

Columbus has nowhere to run... no choice but to FLEE INSIDE. The zombies CHASE him in.

126 INT. HAUNTED HOUSE - NIGHT 126 *

A trembling COLUMBUS navigates the dark haunted house, his SHOTGUN trained in front of him. He walks down a long hallway, ready for anything. In front of him a wall revolves around, revealing a scary corpse, which he quickly blasts. The straw stuffing reveals it was just a DUMMY. *

A different door. Another ZOMBIE! Columbus quickly fires. No. Wait. More stuffing. Another DUMMY. *

Columbus turns a corner, and a THIRD ZOMBIE jumps out. For a brief spell, he doesn't bother shooting (another dummy!). But this ZOMBIE turns out to be REAL! Columbus freaks out and FIRES, wounding the zombie in the ARM. *

Columbus RUNS. From the left, a giant MONSTER MOUTH jumps out and tries to EAT Columbus. He DODGES it, but the wounded ZOMBIE is not so lucky. It gets caught in the mouth of the giant monster. Columbus uses the opportunity to BLAST it in the head. *

Columbus enters a long, dark hall. He inches his way down one wall. A ZOMBIE appears at the end of the hall BEHIND him. It very stealthily SNEAKS UP on him FROM BEHIND. It's about to lunge when a PANEL in the WALL opposite Columbus OPENS, and a FAKE CORPSE LEAPS OUT.

The ZOMBIE looks from Columbus to the fake corpse and chooses to attack the CORPSE! Columbus falls, SHOOTING. He hits the zombie twice, and it lands on TOP of him.

Columbus SCURRIES AWAY, makes sure he hasn't been wounded, then closes his eyes and breathes a huge SIGH of RELIEF.

127 EXT. BLAST-OFF - NIGHT 127 *

The first of the three CLIMBING ZOMBIES is nearing the top of the BLAST OFF. LITTLE ROCK and WICHITA lean over to shoot it, but can't get a good angle.

Wichita MISSES and MISSES... then, CLICK... runs out of SHELLS. Little Rock MISSES, then BLASTS it off the tower.

128 EXT. BUG-OUT RIDE - NIGHT 128 *

The rest of the horde of ZOMBIES on the ground are still following TALLAHASSEE, who deliberately leads them up the LINE to the BUG-OUT, a small-scale ROLLER COASTER. *

Tallahassee cuts through a door and into the guts of the * coaster. He races up a spiral staircase and runs down a * catwalk. Zombies have started to climb the STRUTS of the * structure. *

Tallahassee has reached the highest point of the ride and can * see the Blast-Off in the distance. He lets the zombies swarm * towards him. It's like target practice. Zombies plunge * three stories to the ground. After taking a bunch out, * Tallahassee runs and hops into a passing COASTER. He rides * it to the bottom, shooting every zombie he passes. *

129 INT. HAUNTED HOUSE - NIGHT 129 *

COLUMBUS inches through a swamp-forest-themed room. There * are TREES everywhere, and Columbus struggles to find his way * out. A SCREAMING ZOMBIE springs DOWN from a BRANCH. *

The ZOMBIE grabs COLUMBUS's SHOTGUN, and the two WRESTLE for * the gun. Columbus is no match for the zombie. It shoves him * to the ground, grabs the gun by the end of the barrel, lifts * it over its head like a lumberjack with an axe, and SWINGS it * down. *

The STOCK of the GUN SLAMS into the ground next to Columbus's * head, causing the GUN to GO OFF. The unlucky zombie is still * gripping the barrel. The buckshot CUTS IT IN HALF. *

Columbus grabs and RELOADS the gun. He runs out of the * forest into a cemetery-themed room illuminated by a STROBE * LIGHT. Three zombies weave through the GRAVESTONES toward * him, HERKY-JERKY under the strobe. Scariest. Sight. Ever. *

Columbus does what he does best: FLEES. He books out of the * cemetery, and we begin a CHASE through the corridors of the * Haunted House. *

After a harried pursuit, Columbus finally reaches the EXIT of the Haunted House and blasts through the doors. The three zombies FOLLOW.

130 EXT. BLAST OFF - NIGHT 130

LITTLE ROCK turns to face WICHITA. Climbing the tower right BELOW her older sister is the SECOND CLIMBING ZOMBIE.

Little Rock SHOOTS, but MISSES, and the ZOMBIE ducks around the other side of the tower. She shoots again... CLICK... no more shells. Wichita and Little Rock grab their shotguns like baseball bats and stand back-to-back, prepared to FIGHT.

131 EXT. MAJESTIC MOUNTAIN - NIGHT 131

TALLAHASSEE exits the BUG OUT and finds himself in an area where five pathways converge, like spokes on a wheel. He stands in the center, and ZOMBIES stream from all directions. This is TALLAHASSEE's LAST STAND.

A wave of zombies charge at Tallahassee, and he raises his PISTOLS, shifting his weight from one foot to the other like a BOXER.

Tallahassee fights HAND-to-HAND, but uses the pistols as extensions of his fists, shooting at the MOMENT he delivers each PUNCH.

It looks like Tallahassee is fighting in a 'Rocky' movie, but every punch carries with it the extra oomph of a discharged .50 caliber BULLET.

The zombies arrive. Boom! A right CROSS to the TEMPLE.

Now vicious BODY-SHOTS to the stomach. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

BOOM-BOOM! A one-two combination to the JAW.

UPPERCUTS to the CHIN. BOOM! BOOM!

More BODY-SHOTS. BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!

The nearest ZOMBIE trips before he can get punched. So TALLAHASSEE PUNCHES him on the GROUND. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Having cleared a path, Tallahassee SPRINTS toward a GIFT SHED in the middle of the circle. He DIVES through the front window and pulls down the metal gates in the front and on the sides. Zombies come at him from every direction.

This is Tallahassee's LAST STAND. He swipes off a counter covered with PEZ DISPENSERS, and replaces them with his remaining CLIPS. Zombies start to reach through and rattle the gates.

A SONG FADES UP, but not just any song... a callback of JOHN DENVER'S 'I WANT TO LIVE.'

WE STAY in SLOW MOTION and watch ALL OUR CHARACTERS REACHING DOWN DEEP and FIGHTING LIKE HELL TO SURVIVE.

In SLO-MO, COLUMBUS RUNS like a TRACK STAR toward the Blast-Off, THREE ZOMBIES close on his tail.

In SLO-MO, WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK team up to swing their guns like bats at the zombie on top of the ring.

In SLO-MO, TALLAHASSEE blasts away in every direction. His attack is balletic. Zombies FALL. The STUFFING from the stuffed animals in the gift shed fills the air. Light shines through the bullet holes in the shed. Zombies are DISPATCHED in growing numbers.

In SLO-MO, COLUMBUS runs through THE RATTLER ride, a swinging, spinning pendulum that he just barely EVADES. The chasing ZOMBIES aren't so lucky as they get MOWED DOWN by the giant swinging disc.

In SLO-MO, WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK CONNECT with the zombie and stand over it, whacking away with their guns.

In SLO-MO, TALLAHASSEE reloads by SMASHING his gun onto the clips lined up on the counter. A LITLE KID ZOMBIE descends through a vent in the roof of the gift shed, and Tallahassee BLOWS him AWAY.

In SLO-MO, COLUMBUS jumps the fence on the other side of The Rattler, and approaches the base of the Blast-Off.

In SLO-MO, WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK use their guns to GOLF the zombie off the tower. It hurtles toward the ground.

In SLO-MO, TALLAHASSEE winds down his full-scale assault. Only two zombies remain. One has its arm all the way through the gate. In one last flourish, TALLAHASSEE hacks the arm off with his BOWIE KNIFE while he shoots the other zombie in the EYE.

John Denver's song finishes, and Tallahassee pumps his fist into the air and lets out an ADRENALIZED PRIMAL VICTORY SCREAM. We cut to OUTSIDE the shed, where zombies are STACKED like FIREWOOD.

132 EXT. BLAST OFF - NIGHT 132 *

We're back in REGULAR MOTION again. COLUMBUS nears the BLAST-OFF. He looks up to see the last climbing ZOMBIE about to reach the girls. WICHITA and Columbus lock eyes. He spies the ride's controls and knows what he has to do.

But, as he approaches the line... out springs ONE FINAL ZOMBIE... and not just any ZOMBIE, but the most hideous zombie of all... drooling, bleeding, gnashing its teeth...

...and oh yeah, DRESSED like a CLOWN.

The zombie is BLOCKING the path to the Blast-Off controls. *

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
It had to be a clown.

Columbus tries to reload his shotgun, but in the heat of the moment, SPILLS his last ZIPLOC BAG of SHELLS onto the ground. They ROLL down the HILL and away.

The zombie takes a step toward Columbus. Classic stimulus-response: Columbus instinctively backs up and looks for an EXIT. There it is: an EXIT SIGN at the edge of the park.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **22. When in Doubt. Know Your Way Out.**

The title disappears. This time, something's different. Columbus looks slowly from the exit to Wichita, the girl of his dreams. He takes a DEEP BREATH. STOPS backing up. STRAIGHTENS his shoulders. STANDS UP TALL.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
It had to be a clown. And it had to be Wichita. For me to finally understand: some rules... are made to be broken.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **17. Don't be a Hero.**

The 'Don't' in 'Don't be a Hero' scrubs itself off the screen, and the 'b' in 'be' becomes a capital 'B,' leaving:

17. Be a Hero.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Time to nut up or shut up.

Columbus looks to his LEFT. ADJACENT to the BLAST-OFF is the classic GAME where you try to RING a BELL by hitting a PAD with a HUGE SLEDGEHAMMER. The sledgehammer is sitting there, waiting for him. *

Columbus ditches his shotgun, strides over, and GRABS the SLEDGEHAMMER. It looks as heavy as he is, but he gathers it up without much difficulty, feeling its heft in his hands...

...then turns and marches TOWARD the CLOWN ZOMBIE.

The ZOMBIE lets out a blood-curdling WAIL and RUSHES! Columbus COCKS BACK THE HAMMER, and...

...BOOM! CRUSHES THE ZOMBIE in the midsection! BOOM! BRINGS the hammer DOWN on its BACK! And finally... BOOM! CRUSHES its HEAD like a Faberge egg!

ANGLE ON: WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK watching from above.

LITTLE ROCK
People change.

Below, COLUMBUS looks UP to see the final climbing zombie GRAB the UNDERSIDE of the ring and try to pull itself UP. Columbus locates the busted CONTROLS.

ABOVE, WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK hold on TIGHT.

Columbus finds two SEVERED WIRES, looks up at the girls one last time, and then touches the wires TOGETHER.

The RING SCREAMS to the ground, CRUSHING the final zombie UNDERNEATH! Wichita and Little Rock are SAFE. Columbus approaches the ring and lays his JACKET on top of the CRUSHED ZOMBIE like a KNIGHT laying his cloak over a puddle.

Columbus offers his hand and helps first Little Rock, and then Wichita, off the ride. Once Wichita is back on solid ground, she HESITATES, looks Columbus in the eye, then SMILES and HUGS him, long and hard.

She pulls out of the hug, then goes back in, puts her lips close to his ear... and WHISPERS: *

WICHITA
Alison.

Columbus pulls out of the hug and looks her in the eye. Really? She gives him a little nod: That's her NAME. Columbus smiles... BRUSHES HER HAIR OVER HER EAR... and KISSES her lightly on the LIPS.

CUT TO:

133 EXT. MAJESTIC MOUNTAIN - NIGHT 133 *

A beaming TALLAHASSEE sits on the roof of the gift shed, watching this scene play out in the distance. *

TALLAHASSEE
Warms the heart. He can beat off to that for six months.

CUT BACK TO:

134 EXT. BLAST-OFF - NIGHT 134 *

As they turn to leave the Blast-Off, LITTLE ROCK, still SHOELESS, gives COLUMBUS a FOOTBALL-STYLE SLAP on the BUTT.

135 EXT. MAJESTIC MOUNTAIN - NIGHT 135 *

COLUMBUS and the girls have walked over to the Denali. * Columbus has picked up his SHOTGUN and is reloading it with the stray SHOTGUN SHELLS that rolled away from him earlier. He, WICHITA, and LITTLE ROCK survey the park.

WICHITA
Where's Florida?

Columbus looks toward the BUG-OUT. No sign. His eyes scan the other attractions until, suddenly, he STOPS.

COLUMBUS
Little hunch...

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal what he's looking at: A SNACK SHACK. EMBLAZONED among the signs for CHURROS and HOT DOGS is another sign for: DEEP FRIED TWINKIES.

136 INT. SNACK SHACK - NIGHT 136

SMACK! TALLAHASSEE throws aside boxes, looking for Twinkies, but coming up empty. He spies a COUNTER and REACHES behind it. Is it possible that his arm is about to get CHOMPED by a hidden zombie? The music SWELLS... and then SUDDENLY...

COLUMBUS (O.S.)
You!

Tallahassee FLINCHES. But there's NOTHING menacing behind the counter. The noise came from COLUMBUS, who is standing in the front door, holding his shotgun.

COLUMBUS
(a la Val Kilmer in 'Top Gun')
You're still dangerous. But you can be my wingman anytime.

TALLAHASSEE
(a la Tom Cruise)
Bullshit. You can be mine. Checking for survivors. Golden, spongy, creamy survivors. I aim to find one.

COLUMBUS
I aim to help.

Together, the two search the room. Look through boxes. Open drawers. Paw through snacks. NO LUCK. At last, they meet in the middle of the shack...

...when they hear the sound of CRINKLING PLASTIC. Tallahassee SHUSHES Columbus. The CRINKLING is coming from right BEHIND them, and it's getting LOUDER.

Without warning, Columbus SPINS and opens fire MERCILESSLY with his SHOTGUN. THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! Stuff CRASHES and SPLATTERS everywhere. Columbus stops shooting.

A RAT emerges from an open DORITOS BAG on the floor, then scurries away. Tallahassee looks from the Doritos bag, to Columbus, to the now-DESTROYED SHELF.

There were boxes on that shelf, but not just any boxes... TWINKIE BOXES, which Columbus has COMPLETELY DISINTEGRATED into a mess of cardboard, buckshot, and cream.

The pair realizes Columbus's mistake simultaneously. The only box on the shelf that somehow got spared? SNO-BALLS.

TALLAHASSEE
Eat a Sno-Ball, I'll kill you myself.

COLUMBUS
Words can't express...

TALLAHASSEE
(wipes at his eye)
No. Don't. It's too soon.

The two bow their heads. Then:

COLUMBUS
You'll want a moment alone.

Columbus heads out the FRONT.

137 EXT. MAJESTIC MOUNTAIN - NIGHT 137 *

COLUMBUS is outside the shack when he hears an ENGINE. The DENALI swings past. WICHITA drives. LITTLE ROCK is wearing the BASEBALL HELMET with the CUP-HOLDERS/STRAWS attached. She WAVES GOODBYE out the open passenger window.

COLUMBUS
No.

LITTLE ROCK
Yes.

TALLAHASSEE (O.S.)
No!

TALLAHASSEE has RUN OUTSIDE at the noise. He holds out his hands, trying to stop the girls from driving off in his SUV.

LITTLE ROCK
Yes!

COLUMBUS
(to Wichita)
Noooo...

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
That face? That's me realizing: Those smart girls in that silly big truck? And that stupid guy in those silly little glasses? They were as close as I was gonna get... to home.

Wichita smiles at Columbus. She and Little Rock share a look: would it be OK to let these guys hang with us?

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
This land is your land. This land is my land. This land is Zombieland. Full of death and disappointment. But never despair. 'Cause when life gives you flesh-eating monsters...

The passenger door OPENS. Little Rock steps onto the running board, cocks her arm like Tom Brady, and THROWS a small pellet-shaped object at Tallahassee in a nice ARC.

A PERFECT STRIKE. Tallahassee makes a one-handed CATCH and LOOKS to see what he's holding: A TWINKIE.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
...sometimes a little hope is all you need.

Tallahassee unwraps his Twinkie, smells it adoringly, and takes a savory BITE. Little Rock motions with her head to the guys: 'Get in.'

COLUMBUS
Until next time, remember: cardio, seatbelts, and this has nothing to do with anything, but a little sunscreen never hurt anyone. I'm Columbus, Ohio, from Zombieland, saying... goodnight.

Columbus and Tallahassee approach the Denali and climb in, and it drives off into the beautifully lit park. The Denali passes one last meandering zombie. Tallahassee's door flies open, CRACKING the zombie in the HEAD.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

The music over **CREDITS** is 'THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND,' sung not by Woody Guthrie, but by the MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR.